

CURRENT ANECDOTES

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Windows for Sermons.

LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D. D.

DROWNED BY ITS PREY. (278)

Heb. 11: 6; Matt. 7: 7; Rom. 12: 2.

A colony of American eagles has made its home along the shores of Chautauqua Lake for many years. A gentleman living near the lake recently witnessed a very remarkable incident. He was watching an eagle as it gracefully soared over the lake, when it suddenly darted with lightning rapidity toward the water, catching in its talons a muskallonge two feet or more in length, and weighing probably ten pounds. There was a clash and a splashing of fins and feathers, but slowly the bird rose in the air with its captive dangling and wriggling below. When at a height of about one thousand feet, the bird, still clinging to the fish, began to sink slowly toward the lake again, gaining speed as it descended, and finally fell with a splash in the water. Later the bird and fish were found together dead. The fish had evidently been too heavy for the eagle to carry, but its claws were so firmly imbedded in the flesh that it could not release its hold, and as its strength gave way it sank into the water and was drowned. The Christian is sometimes overcome by the world in the same way. His affections become so set upon worldly things that though he struggles to fly toward heaven, he is drawn back to the earth and drowned by his very success.

GIVING COMFORT. (279)

2 Cor. 11: 29; Luke 19: 41-42; 1 John 3: 17.

In a city street not long ago was seen an exquisite illustration of the art of giving comfort. A little merchant, not many years old, had his wares displayed in a wooden box suspended from his neck. Around the corner came rushing a big man in a hurry, and his flapping overcoat sent the little merchant's chocolates and chewing-gum all over the sidewalk. Bursting into a heart-broken wail, the little fellow slid to the ground, too discouraged to attempt the rescue of his stock in trade, while the cause of his desolation hurried on unheeding. At the opposite corner there

was a mite of a girl selling newspapers. Running across, she bade the sobbing boy watch her bundle, and soon the dispersed goods were replaced in their box. Then, pulling the little fellow to his feet, straightening his cap with a roughness that was a caress, she patted him in motherly fashion, saying the while, "Don't you cry; you'll forget it in a minute!" And so the little merchant went on again with new hope. How many opportunities come to every one of us to give comfort, and we need to live in such a spirit that we shall be able to give it in Christ's name.

SACRIFICING THE LESS FOR THE GREATER.

Luke 9: 23; Gal. 5: 24; 1 Cor. 9: 27. (279a)

A young man who lives on Chapline River, Kentucky, was out setting traps one evening for coons, when, by an accident, he got his finger caught in his own trap. It was an ingenious trap, made by a hole bored into a large log and nails driven in so that if the animal put his paw in for the bait, he would catch on them, and the more he tried to get away the worse he would be off. The boy caught his own finger, and found it impossible to get it out. He stayed all night on the log, and to his horror found the next morning that the water was rising in the river, and that he would soon be swept out on that log, and that would mean drowning sure, so he took his knife in the other hand and cut off his finger to save his life. That is a grim story, but not more deadly serious than those words of Jesus which tell us that it is better for a man to cut off his right hand, or pluck out his right eye, than to lose his soul. Better to give up any habit, however dear it may be, than to lose eternal life.

THE TRANSFORMATIONS WROUGHT BY DIVINE GRACE. (280)

Eph. 2: 7; Rom. 6: 18; Rom. 5: 20.

A certain writer describing a visit to Vesuvius, and a daring dash made across the crater,

says that they wrapped heavy shawls about their faces, so as to exclude the suffocating gases, and were soon toiling amid the ragged rocks that almost blistered their feet. But when once they had reached the farther side of the crater in safety, no one was found to suggest a return by the same route. Everyone who had made the trip was satisfied to have escaped alive. But they were scarcely across before the discovery of a violet beside the road awoke a new train of thought; for looking up, they saw upon all sides a beautiful garden starred thick with the early blossoms of April, and spreading a brodered carpet down to where the fragrant vineyards met and continued them. What an illustration that is of those words of Scripture: "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." The same God who can work marvels with lava and make it blossom in gardens and vineyards, can take a poor sin-blighted heart and make it fragrant and fruitful with all the graces of the Spirit.

JOHN WESLEY BAREFOOT. (281)

Heb. 4: 15; Luke 19: 41-2; Rom. 12: 15.

During John Wesley's ministry in Savannah, Georgia, before he became as famous as he afterwards was, he established a Sunday school. A good many of the children came without shoes or stockings, and some of the richer children made fun of the boys and girls who were barefoot. When Mr. Wesley heard of this from the parents of the children whose feet were bare, and who were grieved because their children were treated unkindly, he pondered for a while as to what course would be wisest for him to pursue. First he thought he ought to insist upon all the children coming to school barefoot, then he considered lecturing the offenders soundly on the sin of vanity; he did neither. But the next Sunday, what was the surprise of teachers and scholars to see Mr. Wesley walk into their midst barefooted. One can fancy that those who wore shoes drew their feet back under the benches, and the barefooted ones, conscious of being in good company, looked very satisfied and happy. In the course of the session Mr. Wesley took occasion to speak of the fearfully and wonderfully made human body, and placing his foot on a convenient chair, he gave a list of the bones, tendons and joints, with much other anatomical knowledge. He told the school that no human being could possibly make a piece of machinery as marvelous as the human foot. He called attention to the clumsiness and ugliness of shoes and stockings as compared with the natural foot, with its white and pink coloring, the blue veins showing through, and each toe protected by a beautiful, transparent shell that we call a nail. The children listened in wonder to the interesting lesson, and it need scarcely be added that it put an end to the criticism of bare feet.

A DEATHLESS LIFE. (282)

Isa. 58: 11; John 15: 2-5; Matt. 5: 13.

There is a plant known as the Rose of Jericho which flourishes in lack of all things in which plants delight—in the hot desert, in the

rocky crevices, by the dusty wayside, in the rubbish heap. Even more, the fierce Sirroco will sometimes tear it from its place and fling it far out upon the ocean, and there, driven by the storms and tossed by the salt waves, it still lives and grows. So it is possible for our spiritual life to grow in any and all circumstances where we may be cast—in sorrow, in hardship, in misfortune, in suffering. A deathless life is in us, and we should be unconquerable.

SPIRITUAL JOY (283)

Isa. 61: 13; Acts 16: 34; Luke 6: 23; Phil. 3: 20.

If you will read this story told by Mrs. Dora Reed Barber, and after you have had a good laugh over it, reflect on it, you will see in it a most significant illustration. A Swede out in Oregon had been converted to Christ. Some time afterwards he gave this testimony at the prayer meeting: "I have all my lifetime been a infidel, and the Lord had a hard job to save a poor old Schwede man, but he did save me, and put a little telephone in my heart and the other ind in hiven. Sometimes he say to me 'Hillo, Larsen,' and I say 'Hillo,' and den he speak to me so schveet, and then I must be careful dat I don't cut up no prank to break dat little vire what brung de message, for I find we can have a good deal of fun wid God if we behave ourself."

THE SOURCE OF NEW IMPULSE. (284)

Lam. 3: 23; Deut. 33: 27; Luke 4: 11;
Deut. 1: 31

Among the reminiscences called forth by the death of Bret Harte is the story of a conversation he once had with Oliver Wendell Holmes. The Bostonian asked the Californian whether he found versification easy work. Harte replied that he had great difficulty with the opening lines of his verses, but usually found the rest of the composition easy. "That's it" commented Holmes, his eyes kindling. "We flounder and struggle about in the stream for a time, and then, when we are not looking for it, a wave comes up from behind, takes us off our feet, and then we swim." The glory of Christianity is that it is forever the source of fresh impulse for heroic living to every man and woman that gives himself or herself to fellowship with Jesus Christ. Christian service is the sure cure for ennui.

ALWAYS BLOOMING. (285)

Cant. 2: 1; Isa. 27: 6; 35: 1-2.

In the town of Hildersheim, Germany, is probably the most unique plant in the world. It is a rosebush over a thousand years old, and sprouts from its branches have realized fabulous sums. Some years ago a rich Englishman offered a quarter of a million of dollars for the entire tree, but the sum was indignantly refused. This wonderful plant clings amid thickly grown moss against the side of the famous old church of St. Michael. It is claimed that it has bloomed perennially since the days of King Alfred, and this statement has never been disputed, for its record has been as carefully kept as the pedigree of an

aristocratic family. This ancient and famous rose tree suggests to us the beautiful title of Jesus who is called the Rose of Sharon. But our Rose of Sharon is not confined to any one spot. He has grown up in all lands and blossoms in all parts of the earth as beautiful among one people as among another. He is to be had for the asking, and one nation does not need to have less of the presence and glory of the Rose of Sharon because he has given himself to another.

WHERE IS HOME? (286)

1 Cor. 15:9; John 14:2; Rev. 7:16-17;

Heb. 4:9; John 16:2.

As the sincere Christian draws near the end of his earthly career, heaven gathers more and more the attraction of a home. I called to see an old man the other day who told me he had sent his entire family to heaven, father, mother, wife, sons and daughters, all had died in the blessed faith, and were waiting him in the skies. And the old man's face fairly beamed, as with tremulous voice he said, "I shall be so glad to be at home with them all." As I listened to his trusting words I thought of this little stray poem, entitled, "Where is Home?"

Where is home?

Is it where stately mansions rise
With dazzling splendor towards the skies,
The poor man's dream—the rich man's prize?
Where is home?

Where is home?

The humblest place beneath the skies,
When viewed with love's devoted eyes,
Becomes a perfect paradise!
This is home!

Where is home?

'Tis where the heart's best treasure is,
For perfect love is perfect bliss.
Deny me wealth, but give me this:
Love is home!

Love is home!

And when our earthly loves are o'er,
And earthly mansions are no more,
For ever, on the other shore,
Heaven is home!

UNHEALTHY JEWELS. (287)

Ps. 32:8; Mal. 3:17.

A well-known jeweler recently mentioned the curious fact that precious stones are susceptible to sickness. He said that every jeweler who keeps a large stock of jewels would be sure to notice with consternation, at times, the unaccountable discoloration, fading or darkening of pearls, rubies, topazes, or opals. If the elements can thus disturb the beauty and value of precious stones, how much more is the human soul liable to be disturbed by the temptations and bitter experiences that are its lot in life. What a comfort it is to remember that if we have given ourselves into God's hand, and are his jewels, we are thoroughly known to him, and he will keep us

from all that will really harm us. How precious his promise, "They shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

AN ANGEL IN THE DIRT. (288)

Heb. 1:7; John 17:15.

There is a story told of a little girl who, to a good lady that offered to teach her how she might become "an angel up in heaven," made emphatic reply, "I don't want to be an angel up in heaven; I want to be an angel down here in the dirt." And that is just exactly what this poor old world needs. We need men and women who live with angelic sympathy and purity right here in this dirty world, and if we are true to God the dirt will not stick to our robes any more than it did to our Master's.

LOOKING OUT FOR THE LAME BOY.

1 Cor. 10:24; Luke 3:11. (288a)

A gentleman, having occasion to buy a newspaper, beckoned to a newsboy. Two boys, one of whom was lame, saw the signal, but did not see each other. As the one who was perfect in body reached his prospective purchaser, and had offered his paper for sale, he noticed the lame boy a few feet distant. The latter stopped when he saw that he had lost in the race, but the other, observing him, withdrew his paper, and said in a tender tone, which was itself as striking as his act, "Buy your paper of that lame boy, mister!" and then turned and went away, apparently unconscious that he had performed a noble deed. The boy had acted in obedience to St. Paul's injunction to the early Christians, "in honor preferring one another." What an atmosphere of Heaven it would bring into our business and social life if that spirit prevailed everywhere.

SOAKING IN. (288b)

Jer. 5:3; 25:28; Heb. 12:25.

"I mean to give my boy a fine education," said a prosperous business man to the country relative across whose fields he was walking. "He shall have every advantage here and across the water."

"Ye can pour on all ye want to, but ye can't make it soak in," replied the deaf old farmer, catching only the last word and applying it to the rocky strip of land on which his own eyes and thoughts were fixed. But he spoke the truth—more truly than he might have answered had he heard. No father, whatever his desires, can really educate his son. He can lavish upon him every advantage, but the "soaking-in" process must depend upon the boy himself, and without it all opportunities are wasted.

So it is with our spiritual education. All the home training, the surroundings, the examples, the incentives—love, human and divine, and all the wondrous discipline of life, cannot make a fine character except as we care to have it so. Earth and heaven may pour out their advantages, but the appropriation of them rests with ourselves alone.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE CLASSICS.

BY GEORGE MACADAM, D. D.

TOO LATE, A WARNING. (289)

When the Gauls in 390 B. C. were approaching Rome, a voice, it is said, was heard in the night most earnestly warning of the invasion. On the spot where the voice was heard the Romans erected an altar to Aius Locutius, the god which gave the warning. But the sad thing about it was that it was too late. When Rome lay in ashes, all her beauty despoiled, rifled of her treasures, shorn of her strength, after the invasion had rolled over them like a great consuming monster, her citizens go out and build an altar. It was a reverent acknowledgement of help which had been aborted by their own heedlessness and the altar to the god thus became a standing monument to their own folly.

WOMAN, LIMITATIONS OF. (290)

There are many legends concerning the Amazons, a mythical race of war-like women, one of whom it will be remembered waged such fierce battle against Achilles that he slew her. But there is in one of the legends a subtle hint of the Greek thought concerning the constitutional inability of woman to do all of man's work, for they conceived the Amazons as cutting off the right breast of their female children that they might use the bow with greater ease. Hence the name Amazon, meaning "breastless."

JUSTICE. (291)

Astraea was regarded as a goddess of justice, and in the Greek conception of her are suggestions which might well be noted by a modern world. She is said to have come to the earth during the struggle between the Titans and Zeus, because she could not recognize the justice of the quarrel. For a long time she dwelt with men, and this time was called their golden age. But there followed an age when men cared not that her face be very clearly seen, and when she could not stand the flood-light of the full day upon their actions, so she came in the dusky even-tide. This was men's silver age. Finally the beautiful goddess left forever the abodes of men, and Zeus placed her, as the last of the immortals to leave the earth, in the heavens as Virgo, one of the signs of the zodiac. This was the bronze age.

Certainly in the golden age to come Astraea may dwell with us, and we will delight in her face, and she can bear the full flood of day upon our civilization.

UNITY, CHRIST THE SOURCE OF. (292)

It is related that Hermes or Mercury found two serpents fighting, and he placed between them his staff which Apollo had given him. Immediately they ceased their battle and twined about it in loving and lasting concord. Apollo is the Greek conception which in all the attributes of character and power comes nearest to the figure of Jesus Christ, and since

the staff had been given by him to Hermes, the analogy is beautiful and forcible in the presentation of Jesus Christ as the one about whom all animosities and strife should cease and about whom even the serpents of discord and human dissension should be arranged in loving concord.

PROVIDENCE. (293)

Oelus was by the gods given command of the winds. He locked them in tremendous caves, holding them behind massive doors of brass, letting now a tempest loose upon the sea, and again calling it in allowing a gentle zephyr to steal forth. Thus Virgil describes the visit of Juno to Oelus, her prayer that he shall loose a tempest upon the luckless Aeneas and his reply: "'Tis thy task, O queen, to consider what you would have done; on me it is incumbent to execute your commands." Thus having said, whirling the point of his spear, he struck the hollow mountain's side; and the winds, as in a formed battalion, rush forth at every vent and scour over the lands in a hurricane. In an instant clouds snatch the heavens and day from the eyes of the Trojans; sable night sits brooding on the sea, thunder roars from pole to pole, the sky glares with repeated flashes, and all nature threatens them with immediate death.

But we believe in one whose hand is not moved by petty malice or human passion. Who hath the storms of adversity in the hollow of His hand while the tempests of trouble are pent up behind His omnipotent will. Who is moved only by the infinite compassion of His own heart, and who allows these storms to touch us, only that they may "drive us nearer home." So we hail Zephyrus as she with gentle breath wafts our bark onward, but should Euroclodon be loosed upon our sea we know that One hath us in His vision who hath subjected every changing breeze to our highest good.

DIFFICULTY, OVERCOMING. (294)

When Theseus, the great Greek hero, looked out upon the world, he had but one inheritance, and that was the sword of his father, who, once king of Athens, was now deprived of his throne by the fifty sons of Pallas. But this sword lay under a great stone which he must lift ere he could possess and use it. Hawthorne has beautifully described his acceptance of the task. Undismayed by the seemingly insurmountable difficulties, he strove through his youth for one object, and that was to lift the stone. Year after year he impatiently strove at it only to find his strength yet inadequate. But one year—and that year always comes to him who strives and waits—he came to it, gripped it with his strong arms, placed against it his mighty shoulder and with a supreme effort heaved it aside. Then going forth with his inheritance in hand he restored his father to the lost throne and carved for himself a destiny of which his determined youth was but a prophecy.

WAR, DISAPPROVAL OF. (295)

It is interesting to note of a time and age—the Homeric—supposed to be peculiarly given over to warfare and battle, that there was a tribe which Homer describes as the Abii, which lived on milk and its products, almost entirely, inclining to what we now term vegetarianism. This people strongly esteemed celibacy, but what is most remarkable, in an age when the heroes were military, when the occupations were those of war, when the youth were trained for battle and when force was might, they strongly disapproved of the spirit and practice of war.

IDEALS. (296)

Pygmalion, King of Cyprus, carved a statue so beautiful, that as he watched it develop under his hand he fell violently in love with it and wished that it might live. Finally he sought Aphrodite's assistance, and she, charmed by the conceit, granted his desire and the statue became Galatea and he made her his bride. Our good ideals are always beautiful creations. They are less than ideals unless this be so. And as we conceive and construct them it is certainly designed that we should greatly desire that they should become something substantial and living.

But is it not true that here our power ceases? If our ideals shall be wrought into actual fact, if the beautiful imagery shall become a living force, shall we not need divine power and help? It is a blessed truth that every Pygmalion who has constructed ideals that enamor his soul may implore successfully a divine power which shall help him to realize them in actual life.

LIFE, THE EXALTATION OF. (297)

Iris, the rainbow, was a descendant of Pontus, the barren sea. In the Iliad she also appears as the messenger of the gods, and in Greek art is represented as one of the most beautiful figures, carrying in one hand her herald's staff, a vase in the other, with wings upon her shoulders and her garments like the fleecy clouds.

In this figure is seen the personification of the thought that, even as Iris descended or ascended—which ever way you may put it—from the dreary waste, the monotonous expanse, the barren stretch of waters, until she reflects the glorious colors of the sun and is raised to the heavens where she becomes a bow of promise and hope to men, so these earthly lives of ours have in them, through grace and culture, the almost infinite possibilities of being elevated until they reflect the beauties of a God-like character, become endued until they are used as messengers of the good God, and exalted until they become in the hopeless world the emblem of cheer and promise of hope to despairing men. And as we finally are given a glimpse of Iris coming with Hermes to convey the body of Hercules to immortality, so we may be given the power to lift into immortality many a soul.

TROUBLE, SOME COMPENSATION FOR. (298)

Nyx or Night is one of the most ancient mythological characters. She was the daughter of Chaos and married Erebus, the Evening. She was the mother of Hypnos, Nemesis, Discord, Momus, etc., but withal, was also the mother of Day and Light. And while her winged chariot traversed the heavens she was preceded by the constellations, accompanied by the Moon and the beautiful stars studded her veil. But certain it is that in the night of trouble and sorrow are born the beautiful elements of character to which the day could never bring us. Under the veil of Night are evolved those sterling attributes of life which give the most sunlight to the world, and he who travels under her shadows has ever God's stars of hope above him.

CRITICISM, THE SPIRIT OF (299)

Momus was the god of criticism or repartee, the evil spirit of complaint and mockery, who according to Hesiod was the son of Night. His carping spirit found fault with the perfect man which Hephaestus made because there were no windows in the breast so that the thoughts might be read, and when he could not complain otherwise of the beautiful Aphrodite he grumbled because when walking her sandals were heard. He is represented as the personification of a very unlovely and unjust disposition and the gods finally banished him from Olympus.

But he still walks the earth and appears in our midst, the same disturbing and depressing spirit. He sometimes lives in our homes, is a brother or sister, perhaps, or he may be the father of the family. He mixes up in every reform and ruins the hope of more good plans than any other person. He is at present in nearly every church and club with a most baleful influence. How much happier our Olympus might be if we could banish him!

WORLDLINESS, THE CONTEST WITH. (300)

When Apollo returned from Olympus on his mission to bless and save the human race he came first to Delphi, where Gaia—the earth-goddess—had her oracle. She resented his coming, and had placed on guard her hideous offspring, the great serpent, Python. But Apollo, in the battle which followed, slew the monster with his arrows and there in the very same spot established his first oracle. The contest is typical in a way of that between the Spring and the Winter. But the moral sense of the Greek also discerned a struggle which may well be said to typify that combat in every heart between the earth-goddess—the flesh and the sense—and the soul's Apollo, Jesus Christ.

SIN. (301)

One view which the Greeks had of sin and evil may be seen in their figure of Ate, the daughter, according to Hesiod, of Eris, or Strife. She was the personification of an infatuation, of which guilt was the cause and

evil the consequence. She resided at Olympus with the gods, until having entrapped Zeus, on the occasion of the birth of Hercules, she was thrown out and hurled down to the earth. Here she still pursued her mission of evil, moving lightly on men's heads but never touching the ground. Behind her come the Litai (Prayers), the lame and squinting daughters of Zeus, and if called upon they will heal the injuries inflicted by Ate. But if one was impenitent and stubborn the Prayers were said to bring fresh evil upon the guilty.

WEALTH, SEARCH FOR. (302)

There was in the Greek mind an intimate connection between the fact that the God Hermes while not possessing high, moral qualities, was the patron of those whose supreme object was the attainment of wealth. Those who worshipped him and heaped his altars with gifts were the forerunners of a class which believe that "the end justifies the means," and from a study of his worship we certainly arrive at the conclusion of any student of society, that when wealth and money, for themselves, become the supreme object of human endeavor, obliquity of moral vision is very apt to result, and it is easy to worship a Hermes.

SOULS, PASSION FOR. (303)

It is related of Apollo that he was born upon the island of Delos, where as soon as his mother had fed him the ambrosia and nectar he sprang at once into the form and being of a mighty god. He ascended to Olympus, the home of the gods, where he was welcomed by all the court of Zeus. But he would not remain in inaction, nor could all the celestial delights persuade him to stay. For heavy on his heart were the needs of humanity, and he descended again to earth to succor and relieve and save men. How like the heart of this god is that of the one, who, rejecting the pleasures which hold most men, devotes himself to the salvation of his race. Bishop Taylor, it is said, replied to the suggestion that he must be eagerly awaiting the joys of heaven, "Why! There are no souls to be saved there."

PRIDE, PUNISHMENT OF. (304)

The children of Amphiion and Niobe were very many and very beautiful. Niobe's mother-heart was very proud of them, but one day in an evil moment she allowed herself to boast in what must have been an offensive way and she scorned Leto, who had but two children. This was an insult to maternity which Apollo fearfully avenged by slaying all the children of the proud mother with his arrows. Amphiion then slew himself, and Niobe was changed to a rock which ever weeps.

There is no surer way to turn a blessing into a curse and cause for sorrow than to become vain of it, and there is no vice of the human heart which so destroys happiness in a possession and so quickly robs us of it, as pride. It ever "goeth before a fall."

PLEASURE, THE DUE RESTRAINT OF. (305)

The Greeks conceived in the Graces or Charities a group of beings which came into

social life as does light into nature. Under their touch every social beauty was brought forth and every social virtue developed. They were especially invoked at the festal board, "that they might inspire the guests with pure thoughts and manners." It was their office to repress the expression of pleasure beyond the "limits of self-control and elegance." The necessity of such presiding spirits has always been and perhaps was never greater than at the present time. But in place of the invention of the imagination, have we not the reality? Is it not true that the graces of religion in the human heart wait upon us in every moment of pleasure, rendering more delightful the pure and the good, but laying gentle and persuasive hand upon the impulses which are too often aroused to demand license? Would not many of the functions of our day be less shameful and humiliating if to their feasts were invoked these kindly and ministering graces?

DUTY. (306)

There is a helpful lesson in that sublime patience with which Hercules is represented to have accepted the arduous labor imposed upon him. But the gods understood how heavy these were, and just as they hurried to his assistance—Zeus giving him a mighty shield, Hermes a magic sword, Vulcan a golden cuirass, Apollo his bow and arrows, and Psoeidon a horse—so the moral universe of God hurries to encourage and help and equip that soul which patiently and faithfully accepts the manifest duty of destiny. And even the "perversity of inanimate things" will capitulate to the one who firmly sets his face toward his duty and steadfastly follows after it. And for such is undoubtedly in store immortality, the richest in the gift of God, and passing any decreed to the mighty Hercules.

EVIL WITHIN US. (307)

When Ulysses departed from the Oeolian Islands, he was given by Oeolus—the god of the winds—all the adverse and stormy tempests and winds which might otherwise be sent upon him and his fleet. These were tied up in a bag which Ulysses very carefully guarded every moment. This manifest care attracted the attention of the sailors who imagined that it must be some great treasure, and so, while he was asleep, one day, took the bag from under his head and opened it. Immediately all the winds rushed forth and became mighty tempests, which beat them back to the port just as they had come in sight of Attica and home.

The thought is very true of human life, that each carries with it the possibilities of evil, which in temper, passion and appetite, are in an unguarded moment let loose upon the sea of our life and raise storms that beat us back, just as we have come in sight of the goal and ambition of many years of voyaging. The tendency with us is to find some one else to blame for it, but a close scrutiny of nearly every wreck will reveal that some one fell asleep upon the bag of adverse winds. "What I say unto you I say unto all, watch."

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM SERMONS OF W. L. WATKINSON.

BY WILLIAM MAY.

The Rev. W. L. Watkinson, from whose sermons the following illustrations are taken, is one of the ablest and most popular preachers of the age. Great crowds attend his ministry, and his various volumes of sermons are having a large sale. He entered the ministry of the English Wesleyan Methodist Church in 1858, and for more than thirty years was the successful pastor of large and important churches. He is an ex-president of the Wesleyan Conference, and at the present time holds the important office of general editor of the various publications of that great church. He is the author of a number of works, of which the following are the most important and valuable: "The Influence of Scepticism on Character," "Mistaken Signs," "Noonday Addresses," "Lessons of Prosperity," "The Transfigured Sackcloth," and the "Life of Wickliff." His two ablest and most representative volumes, "The Blind Spot" and "The Bane and the Antidote," have recently been published in this country by Revell. Recent reviewers commend these volumes in the highest terms. "Overbrimming with literary riches, which he uses with exquisite taste for the illustration of truth and the illumination of life; familiar with nature's laboratory, whence he draws numerous charming hints and emblems." "Delightful reading, and would be a help to clergymen who are getting into a rut in their preaching. The author's knowledge of natural history makes his illustrations fresh and attractive." "Mr. Watkinson excels in apt illustrations of his themes, and shows an uncommon power of drawing fresh and instructive lessons from familiar texts." "He sets forth the heart and life of truth in choicest language, illuminated with striking and often exquisite illustrations freely drawn from nature's great laboratory. America would do well to give an attentive hearing to this powerful British preacher."

Mr. Watkinson visited this country in 1896, as fraternal delegate from the Wesleyan Church to the General Conference of the M. E. Church, and made a profound impression by his sermons and addresses.

THE PETRIFIED MAN. (308)

Heb. 3: 8, 13; Zech. 7: 12; Ezek. 11: 19.

The Spaniards have a legend called "The Petrified Man." This legend relates that a laborer named Mateo, who was working in the vineyard, was accused of eating the grapes he ought to have gathered, when, with an oath, he denied the charge. No sooner had he uttered the oath than his face became full of horror, and he exclaimed, "What is the matter with me? I cannot move!" Here he looked down at his feet, and uttered a shriek when he saw that they were turned to stone. Then he cried out in his agony, confessed his sin, and begged the bystanders to help him. They all did what they could, and tried to pull him from the ground; but it was of no use. They rubbed him with vinegar and oil to take the stiffness out, but nothing availed. The stone

seemed to creep further along his body. Then the spectators fell on their knees to plead for the man who was turning into stone; but in vain, for, when they turned towards the object of their prayers, he was beyond the reach of human aid. He was turned to stone, just as he stood, his basket on his arm and his eyes staring into vacancy. In the corner of an old garden travelers are to this day shown with great awe "the man of stone."

There is a process of petrification like this going on in the hearts of unbelieving men. They lose tenderness and softness of soul, and often become "past feeling." The stone creeps into their conscience and it loses its sensitiveness to good and evil; it creeps into their hearts, and they grow insensible to God's love; it creeps into their will, and they cannot follow that which they know to be good; it creeps into their eyes, and they become stone-blind to heavenly things; into their hands, and they cannot serve God; into their feet, and they cannot stir in the path of His commandments.

WORSE THAN THE HEATHEN. (309)

2 Chron. 33: 9; 1 Cor. 15: 19; 2 Tim. 1: 10.

The hope of the heathen was often very dim, very faint, but at its faintest it was infinitely better than the dogmatic denial of immortality which we hear today. In the arctic world, where the sun rarely shines, the long and terrible winter is lighted up with strange flickering splendors coming and going in the sky, and, although such lights are far inferior to the warm, brilliant sunshine in which we rejoice, yet they serve to relieve the long and awful night which reigns in the world of snow. So to the Pagan world beyond the grave was lighted up by mythologies, poetry, prophecies, fancies, fables; it is so lighted up today, and these dim and flickering lights, which are not altogether illusive, are precious to those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death; but if we dogmatically deny the hope of the future, there are no stars, no moons, no auroras to relieve the gloom to us; it is darkness itself, the darkness cold as steel, dense and choking as despair.

THE SHADOWS OF THE GOSPEL. (310)

Matt 4: 16; 2 Cor. 2: 16; Matt. 8: 12.

It is said to be a difficulty with the electric light that it makes such deep shadows, they are so utterly dense and bewildering; so it is with Christianity, it brings a glorious light of truth and hope, but its shadows, if you compel it to make shadows, are correspondingly profound; it throws into the grave itself a blackness of darkness which the heathen never knew.

AN AWKWARD DIAMOND. (311)

Zeph. 3: 2; Lam. 3: 18, 19; Job 1: 22.

The diamond usually yields to the efforts of the grinding tool, which makes several thou-

sand revolutions in a minute. However, a large jeweler in New York had to confess himself beaten some time ago by a diamond which had been submitted for a hundred days to a grinding wheel making twenty-eight thousand revolutions per minute. The diamond came out of this ordeal in precisely the same condition as before it was touched. The total distance represented by the revolutions of the grinding wheel was equivalent to three times the circumference of the globe. The only effect of the combat was to put the lapidary on the sick list from exhaustion. After this experiment the jeweler gave up the task as hopeless, and sent the diamond as a curiosity to the Scientific Institute of New York. Reading of this awkward gem made us think of the refractoriness of men under the purifying and shaping hand of God. How strangely and wickedly do we sometimes resist His wise and patient treatment! By the ordinances of nature, by the events of life, by the teachings and strivings of His Spirit, would He shape us, polish us, and make us things of beauty fit for splendid places; but we are blind, stubborn, indifferent, revolting, and infinite ingenuities of wisdom and love are lost upon us.

DRY ROT IN CHARACTER. (312) 2 Tim. 2:11.

We do our utmost to protect great buildings from fire and tempest, and yet all the time those buildings are liable to another peril not less severe—the subtle decay of the very framework of the structure itself. The tissue of the wood silently and mysteriously deteriorates, and calamity as dire as a conflagration is precipitated. The whole of the magnificent roofing of the church of St. Paul in Rome had to be taken out at enormous expense because of the dry rot. Scientific men, by microscopic and chemical methods have investigated the causes of this premature decay, and after patient search they have discovered not only the fungi which destroy the wood tissue, but also the spore that acts as the seed of the fungus. So this obscure malign vegetation goes on in the heart of the wood, destroying the glory and strength of minster and palace. Character is liable to a similar danger. All evils do not come from the outside. Some of the worst possibilities of loss, weakness, and ruin emerge from within; the destroying agents work obscurely and stealthily, and are almost unsuspected until they have wrought fatal mischief. The scientists expect soon to provide a means of destroying this seed before it produces growth. Christians need to destroy the seed of dry rot in character. Atmosphere is a preventive of dry rot, and it is an essential thing that the breath of heaven should have free course through our nature. Sunshine is a fine antidote to dry rot. The sense of God's favor must be an abiding consciousness with us. Purity keeps out dry rot. The builder must watch against unhealthy conditions, and saturate joists and sleepers with the necessary chemical solutions. So must we keep ourselves from whatever would infect, and evermore steep our moral faculties and life in the antiseptic influences of truth and grace.

"THE DEVIL'S STONES." (313)

Psalm 73:2; 1 Cor. 10:12; Psalm 94:18.

In mountain ranges there is often a loose detritus especially dangerous to mountaineers; these loose or crumbling stones being called "the devil's stones," for, owing to their treacherous character, if you step on one incautiously you may be precipitated into the depth. There are many such stones in the path of life. False maxims with sophistical colorings; license, stealing the name of liberty; harmful speculations, luring as grand chances; methods of business outlined square, yet full of betrayal; friendships which are flowery graves; sandy doctrines simulating the rock; occupations; recreations which promise rest, and only serve to slip us into the mire; these are the things of peril. Life is full of them, and he only walks surely who walks discreetly.

A RAINBOW OF FLOWERS. (314)

Dan. 12:3; Matt. 13:43.

The legend of the American Indians declares that as the flowers fade in forest and prairie, their lost beauty is gathered into the rainbow, and thus they glow again in richer color than before. It is, however, no legend which teaches the perpetuity of moral excellence. The earth is always being made poorer by the departure of those whom we so sincerely admired or passionately loved—those who were ornaments of society, the pride of the church, the light of the home. Now some white lily is plucked from the nursery; now another is cut down:

"When youth its pride of beauty shows,
Fairer than Spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose";
whilst others in ripeness of life and maturity of beauty are borne from before our weeping eyes. But these are neither lost nor injured: We look up to see them shine forth again in added grace and glory in the rainbow round about the throne.

A SENSIBILITY OF SIN. (315)

Matt. 17:23; Gen. 39:9.

A lady in the Bureau of Engraving at Washington told me that when first appointed to her post she was miserably anxious lest she should permit any spurious banknote to pass undetected; most painfully did she scrutinize numbers, signs and signatures, until she was pretty nearly consumed by solicitude. At length a senior officer comforted her by saying: "Do not worry. Be careful; and when you have done that be tranquil, for the first time you touch bad paper you will feel a shiver as though you had received a cold shower bath." It is much the same in our moral life: the soul also has a sensibility by which we detect the spurious, the unclean, and the dangerous.

THE PERILS OF PROSPERITY. (316)

Deut. 32:15; Neh. 9:28; Jer. 48:11;
Eze. 28:5.

It is said that birds of paradise are often captured by their becoming intoxicated with the spice forests on which they alight, and we

have all seen fine men and women, with the light of heaven in their eye and the beauty of holiness in their life, fall miserable victims to prosperity. Some rich men degenerate fearfully, so do some popular men. To look at the fearful havoc that a bit of fortune plays with some men, might well reconcile us to a good deal of misfortune and obscurity. On the American prairies, travelers are sometimes brought to a standstill through the wheels of their wagons becoming locked by the flowers which grow there so profusely; and many a noble pilgrim to heaven has been hindered, brought to a fatal halt, by the golden and purple flowers of fortune which Heaven, in its goodness, had made spring in his path. The lower good may destroy the higher good; as a man becomes richer in gold he may become poorer in faith, in virtue, in charity, in hope.

COMPENSATIONS. (317)

Job 5: 18; Isa. 27: 8; Rom. 8: 28.

A Jewish tradition relates that after the fall the two angels of God—Judgment and Mercy—were sent forth together to do their office upon the sinning but redeemed race, and together they act to this day. Where one afflicts, the other heals. Where one makes a rent, the other plants a flower. Where one craves a wrinkle, the other kindles a smile. Where one scowls a storm, the other spreads a rainbow. Where one poises a glittering sword, the other covers our naked head with succoring wing. It is ever thus. His tender mercies are over all that His hands have made, and although we have brought upon ourselves awful sorrows, yet He so administers the world that by countless noble devices He softens our lot and saves us from despair.

ALL IS VANITY. (318)

Psalm 39: 6; Eccl. 1: 2; Luke 12: 21.

There is a strange hollowness and falsity about the life of worldly wealth; indulgence and fashion. The other day I was in the establishment of a jeweler for the theaters, and he showed me the treasures of the stage. What a size those jewels are! Mammoth gems, veritable mountains of light, stars of the first magnitude captivate the eye. What rich, sparkling, gorgeous hues those jewels have! And how they abound! Pearls, diamonds, rubies, crowns, mitres, diadems, necklaces lay around as in oriental dreams. But clever, plausible, enticing as they were, they lacked the real quality and preciousness. One simple, modest, minute gem of royalty outweighs all the gay and garish stones of the mimic kings and queens of the gaslight. And the shows of Vanity Fair are much like these histrionic gauds; all unspiritual glory, fashion and luxury are mysteriously unreal and unsatisfying. The rich and great and gay, in whose life is no serious principle or purpose, are mere actors, whose purple brings them no honor, whose roses have no perfume, whose gold has no purchasing power, whose revelry is a burlesque, whose splendor is a spangle. Contentment, simplicity, kindness, gratitude, purity, temperance, generosity, godliness, love and peace are the solid treasures; gems of God's own jewelry; and all the unsanctified

wealth and glory and joy of the world are cruel fictions, no matter how big and blazing and blatant they may be.

UNOBTRUSIVE GOODNESS. (319)

Mark 7: 24; Rom. 14: 16.

Travelers tell that the forests of South America are full of the gem-like humming-bird, yet you may sometimes ride for hours without seeing one. They are most difficult to see when perched among the branches, and almost undistinguishable flying among the flowering trees; it is only every now and then some accidental circumstance reveals the swarm of bejeweled creatures, and they flash upon the vision in white, red, green, blue and purple. It is somewhat thus with society—the noblest, the most beautiful characters, are not the obtrusive ones.

Preachers' Select Working Library.

Combinations are usually made up of books that are not salable. But this is not true of the library mentioned on page 384. Two of the books I have published two editions and three of the others I published this year, and half the edition is sold.

It was made up from my best books, and is varied and comprehensive, including sermons, hymnology, church history and biography, homiletics and illustrations.

You may select four or five volumes of the six and still have the advantage of the special price. There is not a book in the library but you would get your money's worth from in a year and much clear profit from it thereafter. See the announcement on the back cover.

Biblical Encyclopedia and Museum.

This set of books is a good investment. You seldom if ever find it in a second hand book store, and it is generally agreed that no set of books is used more often by young and old preachers. Last year 2,000 sets were published, and this year only 1,000. We exhausted the edition in November of last year and when we got our new edition in February we had 250 advance orders, and have received 150 orders since then. This leaves us 600 sets.

It is quite possible that this 600 sets will be the last that you will be able to get at the prices quoted on page 327. If I were in your place I would not take any chances, but order at once.

Last Chance on the Expositor's Bible.

If you do not order now you are probably missing your last chance to get the Expositor's Bible (see page 377) from me. I bought 200 sets and now have only 33 sets remaining; three orders in yesterday morning's mail.

This six volume set is from new plates; convenient for the study, as the volumes will lie open flat on your desk. In every way they are superior to the 25-volume set that is now being offered. And if the 6-volume set does not contain all that is in either the 25 or 49-volume set, we will make you a present of it.

The price quoted in the advertisement is \$15, but this slip cut out and \$14 sent during March will be satisfactory.

PREACHER'S SCRAP BOOK.

LOST IN THE WOODS. (320)

Isa. 65: 24; Ps. 145: 18.

Last summer, while trout fishing with a couple of friends in Wisconsin, we became so excited in the sport that we did not notice the lengthening shadows. When the early darkness of the woods came on, we realized that between us and our camp lay a mile and a half of trackless woods. On we hurried over fallen trees and tangled brush, sometimes slipping down into the soft wet soil over our boots. To wander on in the darkness was useless. What could we do? "Call," said I to my friend, who had a strong voice. The echoes rang out and we listened. Then faintly through the trees we heard a voice away off to the left. We made for it with all speed. But soon we were lost again and my friend called and the answer came, this time off to the right. So we called and followed the faraway voice till our campfire gleamed through the brushwood.

If we call in the darkness to Him who has said, "Call upon Me and I will answer," the answering voice will bring us safely to the campfires of an eternal home.—G. G. C. Anderson.

INDIFFERENCE TO EVIL. (321)

Deut. 15: 20; Heb. 12: 9.

Statistics show that every fifth boy must be sacrificed to keep up the long line of drunkenness and crime. Parents are slow to realize what that means; for somehow each one seems to fancy that it will be some one else's boy. When we moved to our present charge, we found the parsonage very near to the church. Just across the street is the town hall and engine house, but the church bell is used to sound fire alarms. Only a few days after our arrival, in the middle of the night, the great bell almost above our heads suddenly sounded forth the quick and unmistakable strokes of a fire alarm. At one bound I was in the middle of the floor, instinctively feeling that our own house must be on fire. My wife being only partially aroused and evidently having the same impression, anxiously enquired: "Is it our house?" When I assured her it was not, she quietly turned over and went to sleep.

How many good Christian people are thus asleep or but partially aroused to the peril that in the open saloon threatens their neighbor's family and in the end possibly their own.—J. R. Jacob.

VICARIOUS LIFE. (322)

Matt. 16: 25.

Roswell Hitchcock said: "Blessed is the man who keeps in the fighting ranks and out of the hospital." This was the spirit of Trooper Rowland, during the Spanish-American war in Cuba. President Roosevelt says: "At one time, as I was out of touch with that part of my wing commanded by Jenkins and O'Neill, I sent

Greenway, with Sergeant Russell, a New Yorker, and Trooper Rowland, a New Mexican cow-puncher, down in the valley to find out where they were. To do this the three had to expose themselves to a very severe fire, but they were not men to whom this mattered. Russel was killed; the other two returned and reported to me the position of Jenkins and O'Neill. They then resumed their places in the firing line. After a while I noticed blood coming out of Rowland's side and discovered that he had been shot, although he did not seem to take any notice of it. He said that the wound was only slight, but as I saw that he had a broken rib, I told him to go to the rear to the hospital. After some grumbling he went, but fifteen minutes later he was back on the firing line and said that he could not find the hospital." Such must be your spirit if you are to achieve in life. Saving your life you will lose it. Losing your life on the firing line for Christ you will save it.—F. T. Krueger.

SPIRITUAL VISION. (323)

Exodus 33: 18; John 1: 14.

Sir James Herschel tells in a little story, how, after his telescopes became famous, they were distributed quite widely through Europe, and when he published his great discovery, he began to receive complaints. Men said to him, in angry letters, "We do not see what you see." In his response to them he said: "Perhaps you do not take the care in your observations that I do," and he spoke of one particular thing that is carefully noted. "Do you take care," he said, "of the matter of temperature? The instrument with which I examine the stars must be of the same temperature of the stars as nearly as may be, and when I observe on a winter night I place my glass on the lawn at Greenwich, and let it stand there until the instrument comes to be of the temperature of the air. But beyond that," he said, "not only must my instrument be of the right temperature, but I must be. Oftentimes," he said, "I have been out in the winter air for two hours before I would open my glass, because I must come to be of the same temperature as my instrument itself." The conditions of seeing the glory of God in His word and works, on earth and in heaven are, that we must be of the temperature of the Bible and of heaven! If the heat of the Gospel is in our hearts then there will be nothing hid from our searching power for the glory of the kingdom of the Lord.—C. Iwert.

ALL-SUFFICIENCY OF GRACE. (324)

2 Cor. 12: 9; Phil. 4: 19; 1 Cor. 3: 21.

A man engaged passage on a coast steamer bound for Florida. He was in straightened circumstances and had but a small sum left when his ticket was paid for. Part of this he invested in crackers and cheese, thinking the cabin fare much too ex-

pensive for his limited means. After awhile his crackers tasted flat and stale, and his cheese became hard and mouldy. To aggravate matters he was obliged three times a day to inhale the odors from the cook's galley, and the delicious aromas drove him almost frantic. Finally, when about a day's sail from the port of destination, he grew desperate. Seeing the steward bearing a huge platter with a turkey and fixings, he waylaid him at the entrance of the dining saloon and said, "See here! I haven't much money, but I've stood this thing as long as I can. How much will a dinner like that cost?" "Cost!" exclaimed the steward, "Why, man, it don't cost you anything, it's all paid for in your passage."

Our Father has made abundant provision for our welfare on the journey heavenward. He does not intend that we shall live on crusts. There is no need of our lunching on crackers and cheese. He has prepared a table for us and laden it with His choicest bounties.—C. E. B.

BLESSING THROUGH TRIAL. (325)

Psalm 73: 16, 17; Rom. 8: 28.

For several mornings in the spring I watched with great interest a pair of robins busily engaged at the important business of housebuilding. When the nest was nearly completed I went out and drove the birds away and when they returned I drove them away again and kept driving them away until finally they abandoned the nest. Now if those birds could have talked I am sure they would have called me a cruel man. And why did I do this seemingly cruel act? Because I knew, what the birds didn't, that in a few weeks the big pile of brush where they were building their nest was to be burned. And so what seemed like cruelty was in reality an act of tender regard for the welfare of the birds and of their young.

DEATH PENALTY. (326)

Rom. 6: 23.

Standing in the corridors of a penitentiary, I looked upon hundreds of human beings who were paying the penalty of their transgressions against the government.

Men and women there of every degree of intelligence and from every station in life.

In an adjoining building I stood at the cell of Death, where the one who is condemned to die spends his last night upon earth. Only a few feet distant is the room where stands the scaffold. The captain of the guards and I walked to the room, and at the foot of the stairs he paused, saying, "Here is where the condemned receives his last spiritual advice. We mount the scaffold, pinion his hands, cover his face, the clergyman repeats the Lord's prayer and just before the prayer is finished the drop falls, he stands at the bar of God." As I stood on the place where so many had paid the penalty, I realized, as never before, the meaning of the apostle's words, that "The wages of sin is death." If the end of crime

against the commonwealth is imprisonment and death, what must the end be of them that perish?—Geo. W. Byrnes.

BEAUTY THROUGH SUFFERING.

John 12: 24.

(327) ✓

The Emperor moth is perhaps the most magnificent of all its species; yet it gets its beauty through suffering.

A student, watching its struggles to get free from its cocoon, being sympathetic, sought to help the little creature to its liberty; but doing so the moth fell to the ground limp and helpless; its beauty absent and its possibilities blighted.

Left to itself, through its struggling the blood is forced into its gaudy wings; its strength develops; and it floats away in the sunlight a creature of beauty and gladness.

So, there are lives, which get their beauty through suffering and defeat; and as God designed the moth to suffer and be pained that it may have marvelous wings and strong flight, so He means to accomplish for us through our light affliction a "far more exceeding and eternal weight of Glory."—Geo. C. Howard.

DIMMED GLORY RESTORED. (328)

At the foot of a cliff, under the windows of the Castle Miramar, formerly the residence of Maximilian, the Mexican Emperor, at a depth of eighty feet below the surface of the Adriatic's clear waters, is a kind of cage fashioned by divers in the face of the rock. In that cage are some of the most magnificent pearls in existence. They belong to Archduchess Rainer. Having been left unworn for a long time, the gems lost their color, and became "sick," and experts were unanimous in declaring that the only way to restore their original brilliancy was to submit them to a prolonged immersion in the depths of the sea. They have been lying there now a number of years and are gradually regaining their former unrivaled orieny.

The soul-pearl plunged in the crystal abyss recovers the colors of heaven. The glory of the soul that has been so seriously dimmed through sensuality and earthliness recovers its pristine lustre through fellowship with God. From Him first came its life and beauty, and only as it returns to Him is its stained and faded splendor restored. Then, and only then, is it fully satisfied and glorified.

"Plunged in the Godhead's deepest sea,
And lost in Thy immensity."

—M. M. Bennett.

NOT MUCH.

We heard the other day of a young minister who was very handsomely "taken down" by a bright little girl. He had been called on quite unexpectedly to address a Sunday School, and to give himself time to collect his thoughts he asked a question. "Children," said he, "what shall I speak about?" A little girl on the front seat who had herself committed to memory several declamations held up her hand and in a shrill voice asked, "What do you know?"

Weak Points in Strong Preachers.

God is infinite! Man is finite! God is perfect! Man is full of mistakes! When we place the two together the scene in the house of Dagon is repeated. The Ark of the Covenant made fall the god of the Philistines, breaking off the head and the hands. When we use our own wisdom and use our own hands then it is the mistake is made and we take a tumble. The mind which was in Christ Jesus is the only safe guide. The hand that pointed the way through the wilderness is the only hand to trust. It is ours to preach the Word and lead in His pathway.

A teacher in one of the greatest Theological schools of our country entered the pastorate. Many years he had taught young men the "theory." His church is in a fashionable neighborhood. A lady whose husband draws a salary of \$25,000 is a member of his church and was anxious for the salvation of her husband. According to promise the pastor called. The wealthy business man, cordial, jovial, ushered the pastor into the parlor. He told several jokes in rapid succession. With hands folded across his abdomen, the pastor sitting full height, said: "I'll give you to understand this is a religious visit." "Oh!" was the reply. He mimicked the position of the pastor, only added the twirling of his thumbs. When the pastor left he patted the chair which the pastor occupied and said, "Holy!" Then jumped up on a stand and blew smoke towards the door, crying, "Holy Smoke!" The Dagon there-upon fell, and great was the fall thereof.

Called to the side of a wealthy sick man within twenty-four hours of his death, a pastor said: "What is the difference between a sculptor and a barber?" "I don't know." "Well, the barber curls up and dies, but the sculptor makes faces and busts." A prayer was made a little later. When he departed the sick one said: "Wife, I'm going to die; send for some preacher that I can have confidence in, one who can point me to Christ, for I'm not saved." Another pastor came. The man was converted. Did anything fall. Yes! A theory! Both of these men now occupy prominent pulpits and are strong men.

A pastor said his first Sunday morning in his new charge: "I desire to outline the policy of the new pastor. I desire to preach Jesus (Amen! Amen!) I do not believe we want any outside help. We will hold our own meetings. No irresponsible evangelists for me," etc., etc., at considerable length. At the close of his stereotyped remarks a prominent lady arose and said: "Sir, you are mistaken in your policy. Last year one hundred and thirty of us were converted and joined this church in a revival led by an evangelist. When he left we all felt that we loved our pastor and church. If we do not stand by the church we are disloyal, but we will expect you to be loyal to the class of men who led us to God." (Many amens!) A weak place in a strong man is to suppose he can find fault with the friends of others and still hold the same place in the heart of his hearers. Yet a strong pastor will protect his hearers. An old man came to get a pastor to marry him to a member of his con-

gregation. The pastor said: "What! An old man like you get married? Have you been married before?" "Yes!" "Wife dead?" "No." "Why! Have you been divorced?" "Yes." "On scriptural grounds?" "No. I belong to an organization with headquarters in New York. Of course we all have to belong to a church to belong to it. My wife and eight grown children would not get sanctified. I was taught to 'come out from among them and touch not the unclean,' so I have no home and want to get married." The pastor replied: "You old reprobate, I'll tell my members what kind of a man you are." Result: they were not married.

No class of workers will be slurred by a strong man. The strong man second above mentioned did not succeed in that charge because of his weak, unbiblical utterance. The last mentioned brother grieved the respect of the community by wisely meeting a danger. A strong rule to follow is, Never find fault with anything God blesses, even though some make mistake in the way they do a right thing. The work of Jesus Christ is hindered many times by a lack of discernment. For instance, a pastor had great trouble because the members of another denomination, with their pastor, proselyted. He denounced the other denomination fervently in public and in private. This was a wicked mistake. The other denomination was blessed at the hands of God as much as his own. He had to leave on account of his mistake. What should he have done? He should have recognized the great place his sister church occupies in the Master's Vineyard. He could justly have condemned the sin of proselyting. How different from condemning a part of the body of Christ.

It is a weakness to say "I can only work among the poor." It is equally weak to say "I can only work among the rich." It is a weakness to say "My best men give so much, but do not attend the prayer meeting." It is equally weak to say "My best men attend the prayer meeting, but do not give." The best man will do all these things. After all we come back to the source of strength—Jesus only. "For I am determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

New York City.

One Sunday Dr. Ducachet arose feeling wretched. He called an old colored servant to him and said, "Sam, go around and tell the sexton to post a notice on the church door saying that I am too ill to preach today."

"Now, massa," said Sam, "don't you gib up dat way. You can get 'long all right."

The argument resulted in the minister's starting off. Service over, he returned looking brighter.

"How you feel, massa?" said Sam, as he opened the door.

"Better, much better, Sam. I am glad I took your advice."

"I knew it, I knew it," said Sam, grinning. "I knew you feel better when you git dat sermon out o' your system."—Christian Work.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DIRECTED STEPS.

Prov. 16:9.

The following occurred March 18, 1899. In a country pastorate, a maiden lady was ill. The writer saddled his horse, rode out of the yard, closed the gate, and had gone a short distance when he concluded not to visit the sick until later in the day, and returned to the manse. Went into the study, and for reason unknown to him at the time, put a blank check in his pocket, affixed a revenue stamp, but had no special use for the check, owed no bills, was not in need of money.

Later in the day he went to the home of the sick, who told him she wanted to give \$4,000 to the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny, Pa., and desired his return three days thereafter when she would give him the amount in cash, which she expected to have at hand by that time.

He said that he had with him a blank check of the bank where the money was on deposit, and she might sign it just then. She readily, in the presence of witnesses, signed the check for \$4,000 for above object.

The following day she died. The writer could not account for his return, after having started to make the visit, and putting the blank check in his pocket, on that very important day, save to effect, under the directing hand of God as taught in Prov. 16:9, the good that would not otherwise have been accomplished.—Charles G. Williams.

OPPORTUNITIES.

Prov. 29:1; Heb. 3:8.

In one of the Greek cities there stood, long ago, a statue. Every trace of it has vanished now, as is the case with most of these old masterpieces of genius; but there is still in existence an epigram which gives us an excellent description of it, and, as we read the words, we can discover the lesson which those wise old Greeks meant that the statue should teach to every passer-by.

The epigram is in the form of a conversation between a traveler and the statue.

"What is thy name, O statue?"

"I am called Opportunity.

"Who made thee?"

"Lysippus."

"Why art thou standing on thy toes?"

"To show that I stay but a moment."

"Why hast thou wings on thy feet?"

"To show how quickly I pass by."

"But why is thy hair so long on thy forehead?"

"That men may seize me when they meet me."

"Why, then, is thy head so bald behind?"

"To show that when I have once passed I can not be caught."

We do not see statues standing on the highways to remind us of our opportunities for doing good and being of service to others, but we know they come to us. They are ours for a moment. If we let them pass, they are gone forever.

There is nothing that will so inspire a man and spur him on to greater effort as the fact that he is entrusted with an important commission. The Lookout tells of such a case:

Two young men started out through a needy section of the country to do mission work. Before they had reached the first town, the courage of one of them began to falter. "It seems to me I am so insignificant," he began.

"No doubt about that," cheerfully assented the other.

"I scarcely feel that I am warranted in asking people to listen to me," he continued.

"Oh, well," said the second, "they may not want to listen to me, but they will have to listen to the King's message of which I am the bearer."

The Rev. Ross F. Wicks, minister of the Fourth Reformed Church of Dayton, O., notes a marked increase in the attendance at his weekly prayer service in connection with the use of a coupon prayer-meeting attendance record. This is a novel card or ticket, very long but folded several times, and divided by perforations into as many tickets as there are prayer-meeting nights. On each division is the date and the subject of the meeting, and also the special number assigned to the member to whom the ticket is sent. The plan is to tear off and drop into the collection plate the coupon for each evening, and a strict record of attendance is to be kept and published at the end of the year. Mr. Wicks says that his church has the largest attendance in proportion to its membership of any church in Dayton.

Joseph W. Powell of Buffalo, N. Y., seems to be an apostle of organized effort, several articles on which have appeared in Current Anecdotes, as well as an evangelist. He has organized the First M. E. Church at Bakersfield, California, into the following different departments, and I suppose from the number of names given in each department that every member is organized:

Executive Committee.

Introduction Committee.

Sunday School Committee.

Correspondence Committee.

Organization Committee.

Public Comfort Committee.

Flower Gatherers Committee.

Instrument Committee.

Official Board.

Care for Aged Committee.

Reception Committee.

Invitation Committee.

Epworth League Committee.

Decoration Committee.

Music by the choir.

Ushers.

These in addition, Ladies' Aid, Missionary Society, etc. The names indicate wide possibilities.

Every preacher needs our 104-page Vest Pocket Diary and Calendar, 4 lines per day. Contains Sunday School lesson reference, Y. P. M. topics, etc. Sent for 25c, or as a premium for sending us one new subscriber, \$1.50 per year.

QUOTABLE POETRY.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

In the early part of the American war, one dark Saturday morning, in the dead of winter, there died at the Commercial Hospital, Cincinnati, a young woman over whose head only two-and-twenty summers had passed. She had once been possessed of an enviable share of beauty; had been, as she herself said, "flattered and sought for the charms of her face;" but, alas! upon her fair brow had long been written that pitiable word—Unfortunate!

Highly educated and accomplished in manner, she might have shone in the best of society.

Among her personal effects was found, in manuscript, the "Beautiful Snow," which was immediately carried to Enos B. Reed, a gentleman of culture and literary tastes, who was at that time editor of the National Union. In the columns of that paper, on the morning following the girl's death, the poem appeared in print for the first time. When the paper containing the poem came out on Sunday morning, the body of the victim had not yet received burial. The attention of Thomas Buchanan Read, one of the first American poets, was soon directed to the newly published lines, who was so taken with their stirring pathos, that he immediately followed the corpse to its final resting place.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and earth below,
Over the housetops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people we meet;

Dancing—Flirting—Skimming along.
Beautiful snow! it can do no wrong;
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in frolicsome freak;
Beautiful snow from heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go,
Whirling about in maddening fun;

Chasing—Laughing—Hurrying by
It lights on the face, and it sparkles the eye;
And the dogs with a bark and a bound
Snap at the crystals as they eddy around;
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow!

How wild the crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song;
How the gay sleighs like meteors flash by,
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye;

Ringling—Swinging—Lashing they go,
Over the crest of the beautiful snow;
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled and tracked by thousands of feet,

Fill it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell,
Fell like the snow flakes from heaven to hell;
Fell to be trampled as filth in the street,
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat;

Pleading—Cursing—Dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy;
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,

Hating the living and fearing the dead.
Merciful God! have I fallen so low!
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like a crystal, a heart like its glow;

Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face!

Fathers—Mothers—Sisters—all,
God and myself I have lost by my fall;
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by,
Will make a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh;

For all that is on or above me I know,
There is nothing so pure as the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow,
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!

How strange it should be when the night comes again;
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain,

Fainting—Freezing—Dying alone,
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan,
To be heard in the streets of the crazy town,
Gone mad in the joy of snow coming down;
To be and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

Helpless and foul as the trampled snow,
Sinner, despair not! Christ stoopeth low
To rescue the soul that is lost in sin,
And raise it to life and enjoyment again.

Groaning—Bleeding—Dying for thee,
The Crucified hung on the cursed tree!
His accents of mercy fell soft on thine ear,
"Is there mercy for me? Will he heed my weak prayer?"

O God! in the stream that for sinners did flow,
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Once when Dr. Parker was preaching in a provincial town, he was much annoyed by a young dandy sitting near him, who, proud of a new gold watch, was continually pulling it out to see what time it was. At length the preacher could stand it no longer. In the very climax of his sermon he suddenly stopped, looking full at the offender, and quietly said: "Put up your watch, young man; we are speaking of eternity, not time."

Probably the last magazine article that Dr. Joseph Parker wrote, and which appears in the Christmas issue of a London magazine, contains this utterance:

I pray that Christ may be borne in my heart, the hope of glory. May my heart be Christ's new Bethlehem. Now will the song of angels connect me with the life and joy of the other world and I myself shall be born into heaven.
* * * I will listen for the song of angels; nay, verily, I will do better—I will sing that song to the music of obedience and charity.

The quotation carries significance in view of Dr. Parker's death then so near at hand, and it has a particular relevancy for the Christmas-tide.

UNUSUAL.

THE DOUBTFUL AGE.

Little Richard, who is five, and who has arrived at the dignity of first trousers, was disgusted when he saw a little neighbor, aged three, arrayed also in the garments of distinction.

"Now just look what they've done to Wilson's baby!" he exclaimed. "They've gone and put it in pants before they know whether it's going to be a boy or a girl!"—Woman's Home Companion.

FRAGMENTS.

Missionaries in India encounter no little difficulty in explaining the teachings of Christianity so the natives will understand them, as some of the most beautiful passages of the Bible are rendered almost ludicrous by translation. A returned missionary tells of the efforts of a young Hindu Bible student to render

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee,"

into the native dialect. The result of his labors translated back into English was about like this:

"Very old stone, split for my benefit,
Let me absent myself under one of your fragments."

—Buffalo Commercial.

Casey—See here! thot dollar ye lent me yisterday wuz counterfeit.

Cassidy—Well, Casey, didn't ye say ye wanted it bad?

"Got a talking machine at home?"

"Yep."

"What'd you pay for it?"

"Nothing. Married it."

—Cincinnati Commercial.

Bobby—Mamma, am I a lad?

Mamma—Yes, Bobby.

Bobby—And is my new papa my stepfather?

Mamma—Yes.

Bobby—Then am I his step-ladder?

—Washington Star.

"Whose little boy are you?"

"Well, grandma, Aunt Louise and mamma all claim me, but Farmer Jones says I'm a child of the devil, 'cause I croned some of his apples."

"This isn't a very good picture of your little baby brother, is it?" said the visitor.

"No, ma'am," replied five-year-old Elsie.

"But then he ain't a very good baby."

—Boston Journal.

Teacher—Correct the sentence, "The liquor what the man bought was soon drunk."

Bright Pupil—"The man who bought the liquor was soon drunk."

DR. BARROWS AND THE "BEARER."

While making arrangements for the holding of the great congress of religions at Chicago, Dr. John Henry Barrows, the late president of Oberlin College, had so much correspondence that he decided to employ a stenographer.

On the 14th of February, as the doctor was toiling away, his little son became much excited over the sending and receiving of valentines, and suddenly thinking of his father, he proposed that he and his mother send a valentine up to the third floor.

"Well," said Mrs. Barrows, "it is very nice of you to remember father. How would it do for me to write a valentine and let you take it up?"

The boy was delighted at the idea and his mother wrote upon a sheet of paper:

"Please kiss the bearer."

This she placed in an envelope, which was sealed and addressed to the doctor. The boy started upstairs, but he had been running around a good deal and his legs were weary. When he reached the second floor he met the pretty stenographer, who had started out after postage stamps or something, and asked her if she wouldn't be kind enough to hand the note to his father.

She took the envelope, gave the child a pat on the cheek and ran back upstairs, where—perhaps prompted by feminine curiosity—she waited while Dr. Barrows opened his valentine and read, in his wife's handwriting: "Please kiss the bearer."

Here is where Dr. Barrows always cut the story off.



WHEATLET

The Growing Glory & Great Diet.

WHEATLET

is the original whole wheat breakfast food and its high quality cannot be overcome, because when you buy Wheatlet you are assured of all the best part of choicest seed wheat that's fit to eat—neither nitrates or phosphates are lost for your better health and happiness.

The best grocers in the land have sold Wheatlet for years. Six cents in stamps and grocer's name brings you half pound sample and conclusive proof.

THE FRANKLIN MILLS COMPANY,
"All the Wheat that's Fit to Eat,"
707 Springarden St., LOCKPORT, N. Y.

PRAYER MEETING TOPICS.

THE LIFE AND INFLUENCE OF JESUS CHRIST.—Augustus Nash.

THE TEMPTATIONS OF LIFE.

Matt. 4: 1-11.

I. What reasons have we for believing that Jesus could not sin?

II. How do you explain our instinctive feeling that in reality there was no possibility of his yielding to temptation?

III. How do we know that the temptations of Jesus were as real as our own?

IV. Did Satan appear in a bodily form or speak in an audible voice?

V. What is there to show that Jesus was passing through a great mental struggle at this time?

VI. What reasons have we for believing that Jesus was frequently tempted?

VII. What was the real temptation in the suggestion to make bread from a stone?

VIII. What could have suggested the thought of casting himself down from the pinnacle of the temple?

IX. Could one be tempted with an offer of the kingdoms of the world who was not inspired by world wide ambitions?

X. What would make the thought of universal rule attractive to Jesus?

XI. How did Jesus successfully resist temptation?

XII. How does his temptation help us?

HOW HE INFLUENCED MEN.

John 1: 35-51.

I. What experience must John have been passing through during the forty days Jesus was in the wilderness?

II. What was his most recent announcement concerning Jesus?

III. What would he mean by the terms "The Lamb of God" and the "Son of God?"

IV. Who were evidently deeply impressed by his words?

V. What means did Jesus use to bring Andrew and John under his influence?

VI. How must they have spent the remaining hours of the day?

VII. Is there any evidence that they immediately became disciples of Jesus?

VIII. What do you think of Jesus' method of dealing with Simon?

IX. Did he give him this new name because of certain qualities he possessed or because of what he expected to make of him?

X. What arguments did Jesus use with Philip that proved so effective?

XI. Why was Nathaniel so skeptical about Nazareth?

XII. What do you think of Philip's suggestion as to how he might be satisfied?

XIII. Do you think that Jesus' estimate of his character was correct?

XIV. What had he probably been doing under the fig tree?

XV. How do you account for the fact that one apparently so full of doubts could be so easily convinced?

XVI. In the light of this study what would you say was the secret of Jesus' influence over men?

A NEW VIEW OF ETERNAL LIFE.

John 2: 23; 3: 21.

I. What had interested Nicodemus in Jesus?

II. What was Jesus' attitude toward those who believed on him because of these miracles?

III. What position was Nicodemus willing to accede to?

IV. Did Jesus reply to his words or to his religious needs?

V. What were the views of Nicodemus about membership in the Kingdom of God? Matt. 3: 9; John 5: 39; Rom. 2: 13.

VI. What conditions did Jesus insist upon as being absolutely essential?

VII. Were these solemn assertions simply the opinions of a teacher though divinely commissioned?

VIII. How did Jesus try to help him in his perplexity?

IX. How did the followers of Jesus interpret his views of the new birth? John 1: 18; 1 Peter 1: 22-25; 1 John 5: 1, 2; 3: 9.

X. What relation does the discourse that follows sustain to this conversation?

XI. What evidence is there that being "born again" and "eternal life" are interchangeable terms?

XII. Indicate other points of similarity between this discourse and conversation?

XIII. What relations must we sustain to Jesus in order to come into possession of this new life?

FINDING SUCCESSORS.

Mark 1: 14-20; Luke 5: 1-11.

I. How do you harmonize these two accounts?

II. With what important event is the beginning of Jesus' work in Galilee connected?

III. What might he naturally expect would be his own fate?

IV. What was his immediate object in gathering about him such a body of disciples?

V. Had he any previous acquaintance with these men? John 1: 40, 41.

VI. Why did he select such an occasion as this for calling them?

VII. What are some of the things that probably influenced him in selecting them? Luke 5: 5-7.

VIII. Did they have any adequate conception of what his call meant? Matt. 19: 27-29.

IX. For whose benefit was the miraculous draught of fishes?

X. What was there about this miracle that would be helpful to him under the circumstances?

XI. Why does Mark make mention of their father Zebedee and the hired servants?

XII. How does Jesus describe to them what their future work is to be?

XIII. What means did he rely upon to eventually qualify them for their work?

STORIES OF HYMNS.

SUITABLE FOR PRAISE OR SONG SERVICE, OR ANNOUNCING HYMNS.

Note.—During the past year we have presented material for several song services, and we invariably have requests for more. In our conference of readers as to the program for the coming year the requests for a regular department on this subject were unanimous.

Therefore we will give in each issue interesting information about six or eight hymns.

You can add to the interest of the service by asking members of the congregation the previous Sunday to put on the collection plate titles of favorite hymns. This will necessitate your owning some work on hymnology. We get most of our information from "Annotations Upon Popular Hymns."

See page 375.

We shall follow as nearly as possible the list of the best one hundred hymns, published by the Tract Society as the result of the vote of some 3,000 persons.

FATHER, I KNOW THAT ALL MY LIFE.

Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see:
I ask thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

Familiar as this hymn is, we never tire of it. It is such a rest to feel that the planning of one's life is left to omnipotent direction, and that with God's guidance all the lions in the way may be overcome. Miss Anna Lætitia Waring, the author, was born at Neath, Glamorganshire, South Wales, in 1820. She has written many beautiful songs, which are in general use on both sides of the sea, and it is from her Hymns and Meditations, 1850, that the present piece is taken. There it has eight stanzas of six lines each, and is entitled "My Times Are in Thy Hand." Though critics complain of the faultiness of the rhythm, yet in Anglican Hymnology it has been deemed worthy a place as a Third Rank hymn of the future.

TAKE MY LIFE, AND LET IT BE.

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee,
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee,
Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

It seems as if the whole American Church would bid a joyous welcome to this well-known and deeply-suggestive "Consecration hymn" of Miss Frances Ridley Havergal, written at Areley House, February 4, 1874. It is a wonder that it has not found its way earlier into the collections. The title given to it here in America calls to mind the fact that it was through the reading of a volume entitled *All for Jesus*, this small book which was one of the swaying powers of her whole life, that she came to have the full realization of the words of the Lord Jesus Christ, and gave her all in surrender to him: "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him."

This piece was written in an outburst of

joy that she had been made instrumental in the conversion of certain dear friends. It appears in her *Loyal Responses*, 1878. Her own account of the peculiar circumstances of its composition is given by her sister in an extract from one of her letters: "Perhaps you will be interested to know the origin of the consecrated hymn, 'Take My Life.' I went for a little visit of five days. There were ten persons in the house, some unconverted and long prayed for, some converted, but not rejoicing Christians. He gave me the prayer, 'Lord, Give Me All in This House.' And he just did! Before I left the house every one had got a blessing. The last night of my visit I was too happy to sleep, and passed most of the night in praise and renewal of my consecration; and these little couplets formed themselves, and chimed in my heart one after another, till they finished with 'Ever—only—all—for thee!'"

THY WAY, NOT MINE.

Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand;
Choose out my path for me.
I dare not choose my lot:
I would not if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

This well-known poem, by Rev. Dr. Horatius Bonar, was first published in 1857 in his *Hymns of Faith and Hope*. It is a prayer for submission to a higher power, which alone can lead us to the best development. By resigning our own will we accept that of Christ; henceforth it is he who works in us, and we gain everything by that substitution. It was he who once said: "Thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." One supreme moment there is to each faithful Christian's existence, forward to which he may often with profit even now summon himself to look. It will be the finest moment of his earthly life, and it will be the final one. Through one valley, and over one hill after another, he will journey, oftentimes shining, oftentimes shadowed, perhaps worn and weary all the difficult way. But he will, one sweet sunlit morning, really reach the beautiful gates, "on golden hinges turning." It would not be a wonder if, amid even the rejoicings he hears from the near throng that welcome him, he should ask just one flashing instant of review to look behind him over the long, devious path he has trodden. Then he will understand it at last. It may not have been what he would have chosen; but its discipline was profitable, and now its end is peace—eternal, sacred, sure.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go.

This admirable processional is an original composition of Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, and was first published in the English Episcopal Church Times, 1865. It has been taken up all over the world, and with either Haydn's or Sullivan's music set to it, it constitutes the best marching hymn for children or adults known to this generation. It meets the American ideal, mechanically speaking, in that it is simple, rhythmical, lyric, and has a refrain at the end of each stanza. That has given to it an extensive popularity and use. The singing of great masses of children may be hated, as it once was in the temple at Jerusalem, by those that hate Christ; but it has prodigious power, and if it were stopped the very stones "would immediately cry out." Luke 19: 37-40.

Not only as a writer of original hymns, but as a learned mediævalist, and as a translator, is Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould known to us. He was born at Exeter, January 28, 1834, and is the eldest son of Mr. Edward Baring-Gould of Lew Trenchard, Devon. He received his education at Clare College, Cambridge, taking the degree of B. A. in 1854, and that of M. A. in 1856. After his ordination in 1864 he became the curate of Horbury, near Wakefield. Here he remained for three years, becoming thereafter incumbent of Dalton, Yorks, 1867; rector of East Mersea, Essex, 1871; and rector of Lew Trenchard, Devon, 1881.

The hymn quoted below is known as the "Evening Hymn for Missions," and has been in use for several years at St. John's, Horbury Bridge. It has a place in many English and American hymnals. Baring-Gould has written and published many volumes, among which may be noted: *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, 1866; *Lives of the Saints*, 1877; *Church Songs*, 1884. He contributed also nine carols to an article which appeared in the *Sacristy* for November, 1871, entitled *The Noels and Carols of French Flanders*. Besides these he has written a novel in German and translated it into English.

NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

Through the long night-watches
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

ANGELS OF JESUS.

Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

Ref.—Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Rev. Frederick William Faber, D.D., wrote this exquisitely beautiful poem some little time previous to the publication of his *Oratory Hymns* in 1854, in which it was included. He entitled it "The Pilgrims of the Night." Its earliest adoption as a hymn for singing in public service was in *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, when the Appendix was added in 1868. The immense popularity it achieved was owing somewhat to the music which was set to carry it. Tunes multiplied, written by the best composers, and these were very fine. A place is still left for its use, but it would not be right to leave unsaid the expressions of doubt as to its doctrine. Is it just true that angels are singing all around us so that we "hear them?" The soberest hymnologists are beginning to see that the popular sense has been deceived by music and rhythm and melody of language. The misgiving settles upon what the Dictionary of Hymnology calls "its unreality." Still, some would miss it if it were dropped out of the collections now.

Dr. Frederick W. Faber was born at Calverley Vicarage, Yorkshire, June 28, 1814. He was an ardent and impulsive child, eager for study and fond of poetry. He received his education at Balliol College, Oxford, whence he graduated in 1836. The University College made him a Fellow in 1837, after which he became deacon and was ordained as a presbyter. A long tour through Europe followed. On his return to England in 1843 he became rector of Elton, Huntingdonshire. About this time he wrote several books in defence of the Church of England; but he was a friend and admirer of Cardinal Newman, whose life and writings attracted him irresistibly, and in 1846 he renounced his allegiance to Protestantism and became a Roman Catholic. He journeyed to the Holy City, returning shortly to Birmingham, where he founded a "Community." In 1849 he went to London, where he became the head of the "Oratorians" or "Priests of the Congregation of St. Philip, Neri." This Oratory was afterwards removed to Brompton. He died when but forty-nine years old, September 26, 1863.

JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN.

Jerusalem, the golden,
With milk and honey blest!
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, oh, I know not,
What social joys are there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

This hymn of three stanzas is taken from the translation which Rev. John M. Neale,

D.D., made of the famous poem of Bernard of Cluny, composed in 1122-1156. Of this piece Bernard writes: "I said, Lord, to the end that my heart may think, that my pen may write, and that my mouth may show forth thy praise, pour both into my heart and pen and mouth thy grace. And the Lord said, Open thy mouth, which he straightway filled with the spirit of wisdom and understanding: that by one I might speak truly, by the other perspicuously. And I say it in no wise arrogantly, but with all humility, and therefore boldly, that unless that spirit of wisdom and understanding had been with me, and flowed in upon so difficult a meter, I could not have composed so long a work."

Dr. Neale writes of his version in 1861: "I am deeply thankful that Bernard's lines seem to have spoken to the hearts of so many; I can reckon up at least fourteen new hymnals in which more or fewer of them have found a place." In 1864: "I am yet more thankful that the Cluniac's verses have been permitted to solace the death-beds of so many of God's servants, and not seldom to have supplied them with the last earthly language of praise." And in 1865: "Bernard would have been surprised could he have foreseen by how many varying sects his poem would be sung. The course of a few days brought me requests to use it from a minister of the Scotch Establishment and a Swedenborgian minister; also a hymn-book for the use of the American Evangelical Lutheran Church, sanctioned by the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, which extracts largely from it." In fact, it may be said to be common now.

"IN PERILS OFT."

Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go:
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

Onward then in battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

This poem, as we have it at present, is the result of various changes. It was written originally by Henry Kirke White upon the back of a mathematical paper, and came into the hands of the compiler of Collyer's Hymns, Partly Collected and Partly Original, 1812, as a fragment which had to be completed in order to fit it for use. Mrs. Fuller-Maitland in 1827 compiled Hymns for Private Devotion, and in this an enlarged form of the poem was made by her daughter Frances, then only fourteen years old. In Bickersteth's Christian Psalmody, 1833, this text is given with some alterations, and still another version is to be found in Hall's Miter Hymn-Book, 1836. These four sources have produced the poem as it is today. It is a war-like hymn, and yet it is familiarly Scriptural: Ephesians 6: 10-18. Concerning this spiritual panoply we may with profit consult John Bunyan. Perhaps it may be well to note three points which this prince of dreamers has plainly made. First, he calls us to observe that Christian, in

all his splendid accoutrement, had been provided with no armor for his back, so that he felt it necessary, when the bellowing fiend drew near, "to venture and stand his ground," since to turn would give him greater advantage to pierce with darts.

When one contemplates the general subject of heredity he is confronted with the fact that Henry Kirke White was the son of a butcher. What his rearing must have been no one needs to inquire; for the fact remains that he was a poet of the highest order, and a hymnist whose piety and talent were welcome to the churches. His temperament was sensitive and imaginative in the extreme. He was born in Nottingham, England, March 21, 1785. His fame began with the publication of his book of poems in 1803, and he died while in the course of his education in Cambridge University, only twenty-one years old. At fourteen he had been apprenticed to a weaver of stockings; to this he could not submit, and he afterward began the study of the law. But the Lord had other ends for him to serve; he soon became a devout Christian, and then he chose to be a preacher of the Gospel. He died of consumption on Sunday, October 19, 1806, before he had taken orders in the English Church. The circumstances of his conversion, as we find them stated in his biographies, short and long, are interesting and instructive. One of his intimate friends became a Christian, and, knowing that White was a skeptic and was apt to deride religious people, avoided him; this attracted an instant notice; and when the comrade was asked the reason of his coldness, he frankly told his fellow-student that he had given himself to a Saviour he trusted and loved, and was going to lead a new life. These tokens of separation and rejection cut the young skeptic to the heart; and the result was that he too became a follower of the same Lord.

"WORTHY THE LAMB."

Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

This hymn by Dr. Isaac Watts was written in 1709, and bore the title "Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God worshiped by all the Creation." It is No. 62 of Book I. Not only from the tongues of angels should songs of praise ascend to God; mankind has the same duty, and even the brute creation shares in the universal chorus of love and gratitude toward its Maker.

On Corpus Christi day the poor Indians of Paraguay used to raise triumphal arches of the most beautiful flowers and fruits, in the adorning of which they took the greatest delight, sometimes contriving means to draw wild and savage nature into the sphere of homage, so that leopards and lions would be seen ranged on each side of the procession way, while birds of the most exquisite plumage would appear flying from branch to branch, displaying their variegated wings, and thus they showed how they desired to have all creation united in praising Jehovah.

THE HOMILETIC YEAR--MARCH.

By G. B. F. HALLOCK, D. D.

Suggestive Outlines for the Lord's Supper and Special Meetings.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

No prominent special days occur this year in March, though in it Lent begins and during that season many pastors hold protracted evangelistic services. In most churches the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is observed once in two months, or once in three months, and we propose to give much of our allotted space to material that we hope will prove suggestive for preparatory service, communion addresses and the evening service of the sacramental Sunday.

PREPARATORY SERVICE.

Invited Nearer: "Master, where dwellest thou? He saith unto them, Come and see."—John 1: 38, 39. In the sacramental service we receive an invitation to nearness with Christ. It is a gracious invitation to partake of nearer and more confidential communion with our Master.

I. About to accept his invitation let us begin with confession to him of our sins. "With my burden I begin; Lord remove this load of sin." Let us tell him of our waywardness, our coldness of heart, of our neglect of his word, of prayer and fellowship. Keep nothing back. "He will abundantly pardon."

II. So near to Christ we will confide to him our troubles and sorrows too. In the sacramental service the burdened and the afflicted are especially invited near, and assured of Christ's sympathy and comfort. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Cast your care on him, for he careth for you"—literally, "he bears you upon his heart." Draw near, and tell him your troubles.

III. This is a precious invitation to those just beginning to follow Christ. Such was the case with John and Andrew. Such is the case with many in this church today. You are asking, "Master, where dwellest thou?" You want to know him better. He invites you to the nearest and sweetest relationship: "Come, and see." "Come, tarry with me a while, listen to my words, learn my spirit, know my desires, become intimate with me and the things of my kingdom." It is so he speaks to you—you who are just entering upon his service. Recite to him your fears; tell him of your longings and aspirations, make known to him your resolutions and ask him to help you keep them.

IV. Some of the blessings of being brought near. "I sat down under his shadow with great delight and his fruit was sweet to my taste. He brought me into his banqueting house and his banner over me was love."

1. Nearness. It is blessed just to be near to him.

2. Rest. It means to get a rest that will refresh us for going on to new endeavor.

3. Protection. Shade from the burning sun of temptation and affliction, etc.

4. Sweet fruit. Such as pardon, peace, power, assurance, joy, hope, indeed sweet foretastes of heaven.

Let us come to commemorate him, to commune with him, to consecrate ourselves to him. Let us come with delight. Put away all fear. You are invited. Come because you are. We are not worthy; but we are invited. Therefore let us gather and thus "keep the feast."

Awakening Memories of Christ: "I stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance."—2 Pet. 3: 1.

That is the purpose of the preparatory service. It is preparatory in that it stirs up memories of Christ. The Lord's Supper is a sweet and simple memorial service with the single purpose of awakening in us memories of Jesus.

I. How remembrance kindles love. It is like looking upon some keepsake, some memory token. The young girl looks upon a ring a dying playmate gave her. The mother looks upon the little garment of her departed child. We sit and open letters of a departed friend. How all the old associations come back and love is freshened up. We even forget Christ. He wants us to remember him. It is a mighty help to us in our spiritual life when we do, kindling love afresh and forming in our hearts new purposes of devotion, we therefore need and should greatly prize the return of the sacramental season. As Christians we all need those periods of meditation and loving remembrance of Christ. We need them because of the busy hurry of life, because silent times are times of growth, and because of the newly kindling of affection and inspiration to Christian service they bring. Said the Psalmist: "While I was musing the fire burned, then spake I with my tongue." The doing of active duty results from the quiet musings of the soul. Let us stir up our minds by way of remembrance.

II. Some things to recall.

1. First his death on the cross, but with this also the fact that he is a living Saviour. But it will do us good to go back frequently to the cross and see him dying there to save us. See from his head, his hands, his feet, sorrow and love flow mingled down, and then say, "Never was sorrow like that sorrow; therefore never was there love like that love."

2. Recall his loving words to you, "Blessed are the poor in spirit." "Blessed are the pure in heart." "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you." "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden." "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you." "I have called you friends." "I go—but I go to prepare a place for you." How many are his loving words. Recall them, be stirred up to remember them, that your mediation of him may be sweet.

3. Recall his walks with you. After he was gone the disciples talked of him to one another by the way. Doubtless not alone his words were recalled, but his walks with them over the hills and fields of Galilee, his coming to them on the lake in the storm, his taking

them up with him on the mountain of the beatitudes and the mountain of transfiguration. It is sweet for us to recall the seasons when Jesus has been with us and the walks and talks we have had with him.

3. Recall all the associations of his life, as did the disciples after he was gone. They thought of him in his deeds of kindness. They thought of him in the upper room where he broke bread with them and gave them his parting message. They thought of him going out to the garden, in Pilate's hall, on the way out to the cross, and then as crucified on Calvary's hill.

Let the coming communion be a time when we will stir up our minds afresh to remember Christ. Then, too, we may commune with him and with all his disciples, the seen and the unseen, those in heaven and those on earth. Then shall we give ourselves to him afresh and from this time on serve him better than we have ever done before.

Open Communication Between Earth and Heaven: "And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven."—Gen. 28: 12.

I. Here was restlessness due to distance from God. Jacob had sinned against his brother, his father and his God. He knew it, and he had a restless slumber. He dreaded punishment. He longed for some way of atonement. He wanted communion with God. He dreamed of it.

II. The meaning of the ladder symbol. It was the New Testament in the Old. It was the sign of communication between earth and heaven, between God and man.

A ladder suggests perilous emergency. A ladder suggests possible salvation. A ladder suggests immediate use.

III. This occurrence may well suggest to us that the Christian's career is upward. The ladder was on earth but it reached to heaven. It ended at the throne. We are to mount toward the throne of God. It is our duty to advance. Our ascent may be gradual, but it ought to be steady, continuous. "Grow." *Aspire. Climb.*

IV. The value of spiritual dreaming. See that you make your life after the pattern shown you in the mount. God gives you visions, ideals. Work toward them. Let this sacramental season be to you a new start toward heaven.

COMMUNION.

What if He Had Not Come! "What think ye, that he will not come to the feast?"—John 11: 56.

This was the language of many of the Jews, who had ascended from the country to Jerusalem, to purify themselves against the Passover. And it is in reference to the communion of his body and blood, to which we are going to repair, that we issue the inquiry—"What think ye—that he will not come to the feast?"

This is above every thing desirable. Ordinances are not beneficial, necessarily and of themselves. They derive all their excellency and influence from him.

But the inquiry implies doubt. Doubt has two aspects and bearings, the unlikely, and the

probable—the one exciting fear, and the other encouraging hope. Let us look at each.

I. What is there then to awaken our suspicion and fear that he will not be at the feast? And is there not much every way? Without going back to our unconverted days, how have we lived since we have made a profession of his name? Have we walked as those who are not of the world? Have we borne his corrections without murmuring? Have we been grateful under his mercies? Has he lived in our warmest thoughts? Has he been chief theme of our conversation? Have we not frequently been ashamed of his cause? Have we recommended him earnestly to others? After all this, how can we expect that he will honor us with his company? Should we thus honor any fellow-creature who had treated us as we have treated him? But the cause of alarm is increased when we consider not only our conduct at large, but our behaviour towards him with regard to this very feast itself? Have we not suffered trifling excuses to keep us away, when he has been there waiting for us; but waiting in vain? Have we not approached it with the indifference of custom and formality? O blessed Jesus! when we consider all this—and this only—we may well question whether thou wilt ever meet with us again.

II. But let us look at the other side. Let us see, not only what there is to excite fear, but also to encourage hope—to induce us to believe that he will be at the feast. We have his character, his disposition. "His heart is made of tenderness; his bowels melt with love." "A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench, till he send forth judgment unto victory." We have his past dealings with us—he has tried us, but not forsaken us. We have been often cast down, but never cast off. We have his promise—"Where two or three are gathered together in my Name, there am I in the midst of them." In a word, we are sure of the blessing—if we seek it: "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my Name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son."

But is it possible to ascertain when he is with us, at the feast? It is. As he is not there corporeally, we cannot apprehend him with our bodily senses; but, as he is there spiritually, we may apprehend him spiritually. They who are new creatures, have new senses, which are exercised to discern both good and evil. They have ears to hear his voice. They have eyes to see his glory. They have a holy taste, and holy feelings. Thus his people can be sensible of his arrival. Indeed, he says, "I am come." He is not inactive when there. "While the King sitteth at his table, my spikened sendeth forth the smell thereof." There are impressions and effects which cannot be mistaken, owing to their holy, humbling, heavenly influence. The assurance he has of communion with the Lord in his ordinances, is not evidence for others; but to the believer himself it affords satisfaction; and he is neither to be ridiculed or reasoned out of the conviction. He has the witness in himself.—Wm. Jay.

The Guest-Chamber of the Soul: "The Master saith unto thee, Where is the

guest-chamber where I shall eat the passover with my disciples?"—Luke 22: 11.

The Church of all ages has made her pious pilgrimage to the good-man's house, and seen in tender imagination Jesus giving to His body and blood to the twelve in sign of the sacrifice He had offered all His life, and was next day to complete on Calvary. So it is to be laid to heart that our faith is also inward, with visions when the water of life turns into the wine of God, with experiences when the whole trend of thought is changed with repentances when a broken heart ends in peace, with deliverances when dumb instincts of the soul turn into certainty, with hours of communion when the soul is baptized into the spirit of Jesus' sacrifice. Jesus still comes to the door of the soul, and that man is most blessed who receives the Lord into his guest-chamber.

I. Jesus is the best of all the guests who visit the human soul. It is with a soul as with a house in this matter of hospitality. Houses there are where no fire is lit in the guest-chamber from January to December, where no generous feast is placed upon the board, where there is no kindly excitement on the threshold, because no guest ever rests beneath the roof. The householder may be most respectable, but he can hardly have much humanity, and it is certain that his family will suffer loss. The coming of guests revives and enriches the common life, for each one has his own tale to tell. His presence in the house is an inspiration and he does not utterly depart with the Godspeed at the outer gate; something has been left behind, the effect of another individuality which leaves its trace on the household, and a subtle fragrance, as when sandal-wood has lain for a while in paper, or rosemary among clothes. He who hath Socrates and Virgil, and Dante and Shakespeare in his guest-chamber, need not vex himself for that his house be small, because nobles do not always entertain such company in their castles. Among all the spiritual guests that cross our threshold, Jesus is not only incomparably the best by the excellence of His Divinity, but also the most intimate by the presence of the same Divinity. He wrote no book, and does not live in books. He is not distant—somewhere in the unseen world—but present, here, in the midst of human life. We do not merely read of Him—He speaks to us; we do not merely learn His thoughts—we come to know Himself. If any one receive Him into his soul, Jesus comes to have a place of His own that has no parallel in life, and which has no proof save in experience.

II. When any one receives Jesus as a guest, he ought to give Him the Upper Room. For it happens that there are fashions in this matter of spiritual hospitality; and though they be all well intended, they are not all equally successful. Some receive Jesus in the public room where the work of life is done, and He will not despise their laborous service—the anxious Marthas of the Christian devotion. But she could have done better for Jesus. Some pay Him court in that austere room where the accounts of life are kept and audited, and Jesus has not come to belittle their obedience, who are of St. James's right-

eous kind. But there is something higher than law. Some delight to see their Master in the room that is lined with books of ancient learning, and Jesus hath a tender regard for the St. Pauls that must know the mysteries of His Person. Yet is there something far above theology. For some have not been content to hold Jesus anywhere save in the room which is nearest to the sky, which has windows to the grey east and the golden west, and all day long is full of warm light; and when Jesus, wearied after many fruitless journeys, is brought within the door, He is satisfied, as one who has come home. Love is Jesus' chosen guest-chamber, and he that has Jesus for a guest has power, and goodness, and truth, and God.

III. Jesus needeth a large Upper Room, for it is His habit to travel with a band of friends. He did not like to be alone in His life, save when He separated Himself for a space, and retired into the secret place of God. His delight was to gather congenial men to His side, and travel in the paths of life with them. He shared the round of human experience with His disciples, except certain last trials which He kept for His own special share, and revealed Himself to them so familiarly that they have given us a likeness of Him more precious than all the books in the world. During the centuries He has been ever adding to the number of His friends with a very wide charity, and now He seeks hospitality for a large company. Any one who gave a feast to Jesus in Galilee had to count on twelve disciples also; but he were a shrewd calculator that could now estimate the number of His following. There are those who would fain have Jesus without His friends, but the Master does not relish this invitation, for He considereth that if we have not love enough to afford them house-room we can have very little for Him.

IV. Jesus is satisfied with very simple furnishing, as is plain if any one will take an inventory of the "good-man's" room. An ewer full of clean cold water at the door, that the feet soiled on life's journey may be cleansed before entering into the Divine fellowship. There must also be a towel that, after the Master's example, proud disciples, contending who shall be greatest, may be compelled for shame's sake to lay aside their high-mindedness, as one strips off a coat, and learn to serve. Purity and humility go far to make a fairchamber for Jesus, and one other thing only is needed—faith. The good-man provided a table, but he left it to Jesus to bring the feast, and Jesus ever desireth the empty soul that He may fill it with His grace. In the refectory of San Marco of Florence there is a very pleasant picture wherein St. Dominic is seated at table with his monks, and he is asking a blessing over cups that have no wine and platters without bread. His companions are amazed, but even while the saint is praying the angels of God are moving unseen through the room, carrying that bread which if any man eat he shall never hunger again. For it cometh to pass in this hospitality that if any one furnisheth a chamber for Jesus he shall find He is the guest, and Jesus has become the Host.—John Watson, D.D.

The Memory-Time: "This do in remembrance of me."—Luke 22: 19.

Certainly each one of us wishes to possess the greatest amount of spiritual comfort and peace and joy. Well, one way to obtain these is indicated by the Lord's Supper and its keynote, "Remember Jesus;" not only remember Him at His table, but remember Him in every place throughout the daily life. I am sure it would be highly promotive of our spiritual growth, if we should set aside a certain portion of every day to think over what Jesus has done for us; to think over what we were before He found us and gave us life; to think of what we now are, of what we shall one day be; and to remember that all this is the work of Jesus for us. Let it be entirely apart from our time for Bible-study, our time for prayer, our time for meditation upon God's truth. Let it be a memory-time, a time to remember our dear Lord. Our love will surely be made more glowing by such an exercise; and when our love is strong and ardent, then comes our obedience, and then the abiding of Christ with us, and then our spiritual comfort and peace and joy are gained.—Howard Crosby, D.D.

What God Says in the Supper: "This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death, till He come."—1 Cor. 11: 25, 26.

If we analyze the holy ordinance we are about to celebrate, we shall find that God is speaking to us in it. He speaks to us in many ways, but we do not always listen to His voice. We allow the great world without us and our passions within us so to absorb our attention that we do not hear what He is saying. He never slackens in His interest in us, but we often slacken in our regard for Him. Let us, His people, seated at His table today, hear what He would say to us in the Holy Supper.

I. He tells us first of our own utter insufficiency. Just as bread and drink must be taken in order to secure the growth and strength of the body, so must Christ be taken in order to secure the growth and strengthening of our spiritual life; and just as we must daily eat and drink in order to prevent bodily starvation and death, so must Christ be constantly applied to, if we would not have our spiritual life wither and decay. Christ is our Portion, and without Him we can do nothing.

II. He tells us further that we need not only Christ, but a crucified Christ. God does not speak to us about a Christ of æsthetic culture, or about a Christ whose beautiful life we are to admire. The world that lies in wickedness would gladly accept such a Christ and keep its sins all the time. No, no; the broken bread and poured-out wine tell of a broken body and shed blood. They speak of suffering and death, of stripes through which healing has come to our souls. The Christ of whom God here tells us is the Christ who took our place, who bore our punishment, who released us from condemnation. And so our relation to this Christ, who is God's Christ as well as our Saviour, is a very sure one. It is a relation sealed and ratified in blood. And it is a very close one. Christ becomes our life. We live in Him; and God

makes Him everything to us, wisdom and sanctification as well as redemption.

As we sit at the table this afternoon, let us listen to God's whispers of all He has done for us by sending His Son into our world.—Howard Crosby, D.D.

The Supper A Pledge of Glory: "In whom we have an inheritance."—Eph. 1: 11.

We naturally think of the Lord's Supper as a memorial feast, as telling what Jesus wrought for us, of His humiliation and death in our behalf. And we naturally think of it as showing our communion with Him and with one another, our participation in the sufferings of Jesus, and our Christian fellowship. But we do not so often think of it as a pledge of our eternal glory, a foretaste of that heavenly banquet at which every believer shall sit down when we all gather together at the marriage-supper of the Lamb. This glory is ours today.

In his epistle to the Ephesians, Paul writes, "In whom (that is, in Christ) we have an inheritance"—not "will have" but "have," have at this very time. That we have not entered upon the possession of the inheritance does not affect the fact of our ownership. A man may become the heir to a large and rich estate in America and the man himself be in China. He has not entered into the full enjoyment of his inheritance; he cannot see it with his eyes; he does not know its details of hill and valley; he cannot tell all its resources of mine and field and river; but it is his, nevertheless. He is the rightful and acknowledged owner. So it is with our possessions in Christ. They are ours, though our ideas concerning them are undefined. We know about them in a general way. The apostle Peter tells us that they are incorruptible, undefiled, unfading, and reserved for us in that heaven toward which we are hastening; and Paul says that man's mind is not now able to conceive the good which God has in store for us. It is this thought that robs death of all gloom to the Christian heart, that makes a Christian look forward to the time of his departure from this world with gladness and eagerness. Why should he not rejoice? He then enters upon the full glory of his inheritance in Christ.

But, while the glory is in heaven, and while we must wait for it until we pass into the other world, God, who gives us the glory, also gives us earnestness and pledges of its ownership, bidding us look upon these and handle them, and thus have our faith made strong. In this same epistle to the Ephesians, Paul tells us that the sealing of the Spirit is an earnest of the promised possession, and the Spirit uses the Holy Supper, as He uses prayer, to perfect His work in the soul. It is not the mere observance of the rite, not the eating the bread and drinking the wine, that is to do us good. We may eat and drink and be thoughtless and careless and formal, and then the exercise will be profitless to us. It is the spiritual grace contained in the outward rite that will make us grow in the Christian life. The Holy Spirit is given to every believer, and furnishes discerning power to every believer; but the fruits of the Spirit will be

enjoyed only when the heart welcomes Him and the will submits to His control.

As we partake of the supper of our Lord today, let us keep this joyful thought before our minds—not only does it memorialize our Lord's death, but it also conveys to us a pledge from God—from God, who cannot lie—of the glory awaiting us. Let us eat and drink, using the God-given tokens whose full significance we shall never know until we enter our country above.—Howard Crosby, D.D.

The Eucharistic Feast: "This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till He come."—1 Cor. 11:25, 26.

Is the observance of the Lord's Supper still binding upon the Christian Church? What was our Lord's design in the institution of this ordinance? Does its observance speak to those who are unconsciously interested in the event it commemorates? Is this ordinance to be perpetually observed? Each of these questions is important; all of them are answered in our text.

The observance of the Lord's Supper is:

I. Divinely Commanded. "This do ye."

This command was primarily given to the apostles; and had there been no repetition of the command or further allusion to this ordinance, we might have concluded that it was designed exclusively for them. But this question is settled in our text. The Christians at Corinth, at least twenty-five years after our Lord instituted this supper, are exhorted to observe it. Hence the inference is a fair one that it was a command given to the Church, as well as to its apostles, and is as binding upon us as it was upon them.

II. A Commemorative Event. "In remembrance of me."

It is a memorial service. The design is to refresh our memories with the love of Christ; to bring more vividly to our recollection His sacrificial work so that our love to Him may be increased and strengthened. While the bread we eat reminds us of His broken body, wounded and pierced in the offering up of Himself for our sin, and the wine we drink reminds us of that precious blood which He shed for us, and by which we are cleansed from our defilement, the entire service increases our estimate of His finished work, and impresses us with the importance of that death by which the ransomed live.

III. A Proclamation to the World of a Glorious Fact. "Ye do show the Lord's death."

Every communicant becomes by the observance of this ordinance a silent but impressive preacher of Christ crucified. Our obedience to this command is a protest against the infidelity, the Socinianism, the self-righteousness, and the irreligion of the age. And while we thus protest against the world's rejection of the Saviour, we in the simple observance of His command proclaim the fact that "whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish but have everlasting life." In thus showing the Lord's death, we discharge a twofold duty—to Him who has redeemed us,

and to the world who despises and rejects its Redeemer. Who can tell how successfully Christian men and women are thus preaching Christ by their silent and unostentatious obedience to this command?

IV. A Perpetual Obligation. "Till He come."

The institution of this ordinance inaugurated the present dispensation, and it will remain in force till Christ come to close the dispensation and to render the ordinance no longer necessary. Till then we are to observe it with regularity, with a grateful spirit and with due solemnity. Nothing is to interfere with its observance; time, changes, passing events are to leave it untouched. The design of the service is never to be forgotten; its spirituality never to be lost; its significance and force are to remain to the end. The solemn yet cheering words, "till He come" are to be associated with every service, thus reminding us that His coming draws near. The thought will stimulate us to a holier life, and to an habitual preparation for a purer world. It may be that those who are alive and remain when Christ shall come will be found commemorating His dying love, and thus in the very act of obedience shall hear the welcome cry, "Behold the bridegroom cometh."—J. B. D.

The Sunday Evening Service: Communion Continued:

"They constrained Him, saying, Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent; and He went in to tarry with them."—Luke 24:29.

Like these disciples on their walk to Emmaus, when we have the Saviour's company a little while, we will not be contented until we have more of it. Some liquors men drink increase thirst. Never is the Christian tired of Christ's company. Love's logic is always ready with a plea, "Abide with us, for it is toward evening."

The suggestion also comes that if we would keep Christ with us we must constrain Him. Christ will not intrude where He is not wanted. The question then becomes one as to how we can keep Him with us.

I. First, allow no rivals in your heart. Christ will never tarry in a divided heart. Be sure of that. He must be all to us or nothing. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." Let us be watchful that we love Him with an undivided love and serve Him with unvarying delight.

II. Retain no darling sin. Charles Spurgeon once said, "A little evil will spoil our peace, just as a small stone in one's shoe will spoil his walking." Many people lose Christ's presence through the indulgence of what they call little sins.

III. Make your heart a fit temple for Christ's indwelling. Out with the money changers, and unholy traffic. Give no place to the things that defile the body or degrade the soul. Keep the heart clean; and the mind pure. Make your heart not a place for harsh and warring sounds, but make it indeed a house of prayer. If it is made a fit place for Christ's presence, He will come and make His residence in the temple of your soul.

IV. Give Him goodly entertainment. Make the entertainment suitable for such a Guest. Cleopatra entertained Mark Anthony with a feast beyond price. Pearls were melted in the wine, and every lavish expenditure was made to impress him with her welcome. Such is not what Christ asks of us, but that we should receive Him joyfully, and perform the duties that will invite His approval.

V. Furthermore, do not fail to trust Him while He is with you. Make Him your confidential Friend. Keep no secrets from Him. Confess your faults to Him. Assert your love to Him, and let Him know that you accept His.

VI. Lastly, notice some of the special blessings of having Him with us.

1. Companionship. We cannot feel alone when He is with us. "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

2. Quickening of our love. Our hearts will burn within us as He talks with us by the way. We will forget our troubles and find our faith strengthened, our love quickened, and our hope cheered by the fact that we have His presence with us. Let us constrain Him to tarry.

TEXTS AND THEMES.

Why Jesus Endured the Cross: Heb. 12:2, The Institution of the Supper: Luke 22:19, 20. In Remembrance of Christ: 1 Cor. 11:23-26. Partakers of One Bread: 1 Cor. 10:17. After Thoughts: "So when they had dined," John 21:15. The Mount of Privilege: Mark 9:14. After the Mountain-Top, What? Work Awaiting at its Base. Mark 9:14-27. A Personal Question: "What mean ye by this service?" Ex. 12:2. Encouragement for the Timid, Ps. 5:7. Love's Question: John 21:16. Let Us Draw Near: Heb. 10:19-25. Ecce Homo: John 19:5. Under His Shadow: Song of Solomon 2:3. The True Motive, "For my sake," Mark 10:29. A Visit to Calvary, "And sitting down they watched him there," Matt. 27:36. My Witnesses, Acts 1:8.

REVIVALS.

Revivals: A Scripture Summary. Instances. Under Joshua—Josh. 5:2-9. Samuel—Sam. 7:1-6. Elijah—1 Kings 18:17-40. Jehoash and Jehoiada—2 Kings 11, 12; 2 Chron. 23, 24. Hezekiah—2 Kings 18:1-7; 2 Chron. 34, 35. Asa—2 Chron. 14:2-5; 15:1-14; Manasseh—2 Chron. 33:12-19. In Nineveh—Jonah 3:4-10. At Pentecost and in post Pentecostal Times—Acts 2:1-42, 46, 47; 4:4; 5:14; 6:7; 9:35; 11:20, 21; 12:24; 14:1.

In Prophecy: Isa. 32:13-15; Joel 2:28; Mic. 4:1-8; Zech. 6:8; 8:20-23.

Definite Prayer: "Wilt Thou not revive us again: that Thy people may rejoice in Thee? Shew us Thy mercy, O Lord, and grant us Thy salvation." (Psa. 85:6, 7). "O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known (Thyself); in wrath remember mercy." (Hab. 3:2).

The Wide Open Gate: Isa. 69:11. If ever you get disheartened as to the prospects of the Church of God, then turn to the sixtieth chapter of Isaiah, and read it. It has refer-

ence to the peaceful and prosperous condition of the Jews after their return out of captivity into their own beloved land. But it also looks further, and has its full accomplishment in the coming of Christ and the outpouring of His Holy Spirit in these days and days yet to come.

I. "Therefore, thy gates shall be open." 1. The idea here suggested is of abundant access to Christ and His Church. To every messenger of His gospel God says today: "Hold the gate open, wide open. Set before them an open door. Say, whosoever will may come." 2. Another suggestion, the gateway into Christ's Church should be just as wide as the one leading to Christ Himself. Let us not make the mistake of thinking that we receive new members into the church as professors of theology, but simply as professing faith in Christ. 3. This thought comes, too, as a protest against all kinds of church exclusiveness. 4. Remember, too, if we would have a part in the fulfillment of this prophecy, there is another door we must keep open—not only the doors that open toward men, but the door that lets Christ in. Those familiar words, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," were written to a church—the church of Laodicea. And here is the picture: A church of Christ—the people within—the door closed—and Christ shut out! Can it be possible! And yet it is. It was true of the Laodicean church, and it is just as true of thousands of churches today. "Thy gates shall be open"—open toward God and open toward men.

II. This brings us to the second thought: "Therefore, Thy gates shall be open continually." First, wide open; secondly, constant access.

1. This simply means a church in a condition always to receive blessing, and growth, and increase of members. Not simply once in a long while waking up to activity and earnestness, and laboring for souls; but constant labor—with gates open continually.

2. The church that would receive continual blessing must keep open the channel of prayer. Our prayers are the channel—the appointed channel through which spiritual blessings can come. How often we are in want and miss the blessings because the stream is frozen, and God does not come through the ice.

3. Again, the church that would have this continual blessing must never close the door of Christian activity. We must not forget to do our part. God has promised to bless effort. He uses human instruments.

III. And this the closing point we would make. The fact that the instruments in the work under God are men—poor, weak, frail men; for this is the word of our Scripture—"That men may bring unto thee the forces of the Gentiles, and that their kings may be brought." Every Christian may have a part in the fulfillment of this prophecy, and is partly responsible for it. God has sent no angels to make known and offer His Gospel. So far as we can see, it is God's plan to save the world by man's effort for men. To be sure, we cannot convert men, but making known the Gospel and persuading them to accept it is our work; conversion is God's

work; but if we do our part God will do His. The grand triumph of the kingdom prophesied in this text is coming; but it is to be hastened only as God's people arouse themselves to do their part.

The Doom of the Willful: "For if we sin willfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins," etc.—Heb. 10: 26-30.

If you are neither sinning ignorantly nor accidentally, you must be sinning willfully. Ah! this is the trouble. Men sin in this country because they like it.—John 8: 19.

Now in view of these facts I invite your serious attention to the danger of sinning willfully, and the final doom of such a sinner. The text teaches us—

I. That willful sin is the worst form of sin. "For if we sin willfully, after that we have received the knowledge of the truth," we sin against the light. We spurn the claims of Christ; we slight God's covenant mercy and despise the wooings of the Spirit of grace. What is worse than this? But look again at the doings of the willful sinner.

1. He treads "under foot the Son of God." What? "Tread under foot the Son of God!" Yes, trampled upon Him who is the embodiment of all that is noble and pure and divine, as a man would trample upon the vilest worm that crawls in his path. In the infinitude of mercy Christ throws Himself athwart the pathway of the sinner to arrest him in his downward career, e'er he leaps, like a mad man, into the awful abyss of woe. Yet the determined sinner with heart of steel and face of flint treads upon Him with painful impunity from day to day.

2. He counts "the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing." What is this "blood of the covenant" to him, more than the blood of the thieves who were crucified with the Redeemer of men? What merit is there in the blood to him? Is it the blood of "remission?" No. Is it the blood that "cleanseth us from all sin?" No; in his estimation it is nothing of the kind. In the view of an all-wise God, it is "precious blood," but in the view of the willful sinner it is "an unholy thing."

3. He does "despise unto the Spirit of Grace." This is the third charge against the willful sinner. And what sin is more dangerous, more deadly when persisted in? Is it a light thing to grieve, insult, despise the Spirit of grace?

II. That willful sin is necessarily the most deadly form of sin.

Look at it again carefully, "For if we sin willfully," etc.

1. It places the sinner out of the reach of Divine Mercy. "There remaineth no more sacrifice for sins."

2. It places the willful sinner directly under the hand of divine justice. "But a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries." What a fearful position for a defenceless soul to occupy!

3. It brings upon the willful sinner the punishment he deserves. He that despised Moses' law died without mercy, under two or

three witnesses. Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, "who hath trodden under foot," etc. If in the one case the punishment was merited, much more is a sorer punishment merited in the other.—Rev. M. H. Bibb.

Opening Sermon for a Revival: Every Man Stood in His Place: "And the king stood in his place," 2 Chron. 34: 21, "So the service was prepared," 2 Chron. 35: 10, "Also Joshua, and Bain, and Sherebiah," etc., Neh. 8: 7.

In unity of action there is strength and experience has taught us that whenever the church labors untidily for the accomplishment of that which is to her welfare and the salvation of souls, God owns and blesses her efforts; hence, would we be successful, we must have unity of action.

In order to more fully comprehend our subject, we wish to make use of three different Scripture passages which illustrate what we wish to say:

1. "And the king stood in his place . . . and with all his soul," 2 Chron. 34: 31.

Would the church of Jesus Christ have the assurance of prosperity and a religious revival she must, according to the spirit of this scripture, make a covenant with God, this covenant to be:

1. To keep His commandments. Only when we do that which He commands can we reasonably expect Him to assist us and hear and answer our prayers.

2. To keep His testimonies, or rather receive them. For God cannot speak the untruth, His word is yea and amen; Matt. 24: 35. What He teaches concerning Himself, the Son, the Holy Spirit, Man, Heaven, Hell, and Eternity are all true.

3. To keep His statutes, or law. In reference to Himself, to others and ourselves, for He has given us laws that are to govern our actions toward Him, toward our neighbor and ourselves.

Then there are certain ways in which this covenant is to be kept.

1. With all the heart. With Josiah, remove all the abominations out of our midst.

2. With all the soul. Serve Him with all our ransomed powers and not depart from His service all the days we live on earth. Eccles. 9.

The church must not only enter into a covenant, but she must also assume a proper attitude towards the world—toward sin—towards crime and evil of every description. Her servants must act in harmony with her efforts, which leads us to the second Scripture passage:

II. "And the priests stood in their places and the Levites in their courses." 2 Chron. 35: 10.

1. The servant of the Lord Jesus Christ must know his place; he is the ambassador of our Saviour and in Christ's stead prays the people to be reconciled to God.

2. He must be ever ready to give a good example unto the flock. By being pious, zealous, devotional, active, punctual, and full of the Holy Spirit, this will give him prestige

(Continued on page 364.)

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Pulpit Power and Eloquence or the One Hundred Best Sermons of the 19th Century (2d edition) has taken its place as the best collection of sermons published. Volume 2 of *Pulpit Power and Eloquence* will contain 30 or more sermons. These books are the cream of sermon production, and each contain sermons abreast of the times. Read one sermon a week and your respect and admiration of your calling will increase, and it will strike your mental flint till a shower of sparks start. See page 388.

Annotations Upon Popular Hymns was written by the best judge of hymns America has known; editor of a half-dozen leading hymnals. He wrote with the praise or song service in mind. Every time we used a song service we had requests for a book along the same line. The book is worth \$3.00, and will be of more practical use to you than any work on hymnology published. But see page 375.

The Homiletic Year, by Dr. Hallock. It is as if you were puzzling your brain and heart and soul what to preach on, and you said I will call on Dr. Hallock, and he should take you to his library and make suggestions. Then all the holidays and observances of the church year are given. See page 375.

BOOKS FOR PREACHERS.

Why are the books I announce on page 380 of especial value to preachers? In the first place I publish exclusively for preachers, and do not seek other trade. Next, I consult leading preachers and other well-read men as to the value of a work before I undertake it—men of different denomination, conservative as well as advanced thinkers.

Before I offered you the *Expositors' Bible*, I consulted a half dozen men, whose judgment you would respect. Some said it was all good, some said half, but that half was worth the price I asked. Now, as to price—they are lower in most all cases than for books of equal size, to say nothing of merit, and I pay the postage. See page 377.

The *Biblical Encyclopedia and Museum*—commendations—I could fill two pages,

Boiled down the facts are that you will consult it as much as any set of books in your library. See page 327.

The pastor of Adams Square Congregational Church, Worcester, Mass., published a very neat calendar for his members. These two lines above the pad: "What kind of a church would our church be, If every member were just like me?" will be productive of results.

As soon as Dr. Gunsaulus got back to Chicago the newspaper reporters buzzed around him in search of "impressions," and Dr. Gunsaulus talked freely and piquantly of his summer sojourn in England. The decay of eloquence struck him forcibly while in Great Britain, but he was greatly impressed by the congregational singing. Perhaps the English don't attempt the unsingable tunes prevalent in this country—the work of pedants who love involved harmonies and forced melodies. English preaching he regards as attaining a high level, but he insists there should be better congregational singing in this country—to which we say amen!

BOOK THAT WAS BURNED.

Tyndale said: "I will make the plowboys of England to know more of the Scriptures than the Pope." Of this first printed English Testament (printed in 1525) there is only one in existence. All others were burned or destroyed, 177 reprints were made and from one of these I have reprinted the Gospel of John. This rare booklet sent for 50 cts. or 6 for \$2.00. F. M. Barton, 617-628 Rose Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

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It is a very unusual thing for *Current Anecdotes* to commend to its readers any advertisement that appears in its columns, but an exception is made in the case of the *Fremont-Vineta Oil and Gold Mining Co.*, which presents, on another page herein, an exceptional investment proposition. We have been acquainted with two of the officers and directors of the company for a long period and have full confidence in the company's representations. The successes attained by some thoroughly good and reliable mining and oil companies in the past have resulted in bringing before the public so many "fake" concerns that it has become difficult to discriminate between the good and the bad. We urge our readers to investigate the proposition offered by the *Fremont-Vineta*.

[The outlines of some live questions of morals by Mr. Nash, published some time since, having attracted considerable attention, and the fact that our attention has been called to the general debility of the ordinary prayer meeting, we have decided to give a three months' course by Mr. Nash. The subjects are on page 348 and the use of these suggestions and the adoption of the Socratic method will increase interest in the meetings. It might increase attendance to publish these subjects on a card and change the name of the meeting to the *Mid-Week Club*.—Ed.]

PRESENT-DAY PROBLEMS.

BY ELLISON R. COOK.

The Chicago Convention for the Improvement of Religious Education.

An inquiry as to the practicability of introducing the newer thought or historical criticism in the Sunday School.

A BRIEF REPORT WITH SNAP SHOTS OF SOME OF THE MOST IMPORTANT.

No convention held for years, except possibly the Creed Revision Presbyterian Assembly, has aroused as much speculation, and fear and questioning as that called by the Council of Seventy at Chicago, February 10 to 12. About 150 preachers from all parts of the United States and some hundred preachers from Chicago and vicinity attended the sessions. That it aroused curiosity is not strange when it was stated that the originators didn't exactly know what the convention was for—the program being entitled, A Convention for Religious and Moral Education, which is certainly comprehensive. And the speakers in the convention were not sure what was the purpose. President Harper sent his most capable young men to the leading cities of the country to arouse interest in the convention and incidentally to find out what should be the purpose of the convention, what form and name the organization should take, etc. Apparently it was to be a convention for the improvement of the Sunday School, to work in and through the agencies at present in charge. There were two or three slips of the tongue that led unbiased spectators to suspect that there was a nigger in the wood-pile. A remark was made in the Philadelphia Conference that it would be better to have "them" on the inside than kicking on the outside, when it was questioned as to different schools of thought becoming members of the new reform organization. Then in the Cincinnati Conference Prof. Willett is said to have called the International Lessons a pedagogic monstrosity. Then again the whole thing emanated from the Chicago University, and they desire to have it known that they are historical critics, not higher critics. A historical critic does not waste his time arguing about Jonah and the whale and two Isaiahs; they have graduated from that. But it is generally agreed that historical criticism has not made strides among the laity—they haven't time to comprehend it. It is too much like Esoteric Buddhism, and when the hard headed business man would get to the first circle he would balk. But it has made great progress among preachers—you would be surprised at the large number of preachers who are in sympathy and believe in the saner sort of criticism. I believe that out of the dust may come a clearer conception of the truth, and I am open to conviction. But it is something a preacher can't preach, or if he does his audience don't understand him. And the Sunday School with the Chinese wall of the International Committee Lessons, backed by the denominational publishing houses, is far removed from the heaven as could be imagined.

This condition was very discouraging to the

critics. They felt like a party of boys out Hallow e'en night without having done anything. The critics hadn't upset anything. So they decided to move on the Sunday School. This is the conclusion I have reached after the convention.

But don't be alarmed. Very little will be accomplished by the convention, and nothing revolutionary will occur. First reason is that it was called by a half dozen men, all of whom have too many irons in the fire to tend to another properly. Second, if they did, they lack the connection with the teachers, and they do the business. The preacher does not influence the Sunday School teacher. The average teacher studies the Bible and not theology and knows, or thinks he knows, the Bible as well as the average preacher, or better. But best of all, there was a note of conservatism among the leading speakers, and that note brought out the heaviest applause—and look at the list of names. There are enough men on the ship to hold her steady to the North Star of the divinity of Jesus Christ. Dr. Bashford of Delaware and King of Oberlin and scores of others will see that there is no mutiny on the ship.

Therefore I believe that if anything comes from this convention it will be good and not evil, and I believe that there is great chance for reform along the lines of Sunday School lessons and teaching. The reform may be aroused by this convention, but it will not be accomplished by the men who called it, for they and the majority of the speakers know but very little concerning the Sunday School, are not leading workers in it, and are not capable of helping it, except to stir up the men who do know—Trumbull, Lawrence, the International Lesson Committee, and others. The great strides made by the Sunday School were mentioned by several of the speakers, and applauded, but those with "U. of C." blown in the bottle took their little flings at it and aroused considerable laughter.

Now as to the convention—the opening meeting was at the Auditorium, and that great building was filled, being attracted by their interest in the subject and by the renowned speakers.

Frank K. Sanders of Yale introduced President Angell, who said: "There has never been in this country, I believe, a gathering with higher and nobler aims than this. There have come here educators, ministers and religious workers of many creeds from many States to council together as to what shall best be done to advance the religious and moral training of youth.

"One cannot but hope and believe that the results of this gathering will be vast and beneficent. If in the multitude of creeds and of places represented there should arise differences as to means, let us not be discouraged. We may differ in detail, but there are some things, and they are the important ones, about which we will not disagree.

"We all believe that the advice in the study and understanding of the science of pedagogy and of psychology has led to the great ad-

vance that has been made in secular education. We believe that there is no reason why similar advances may not be made in religious education. We are passing through a period of transition in religious thought and utterance, but the world has always been passing through such transitions. The present one is, however, an emphatic transition in the understanding of the Scriptures.

"Modern discoveries have carried many of us away from the old positions on the Scriptures. There are others who conservatively cling to the old interpretations. They fear a change, and they look with concern on the modern trend of thought and the views which others of us honestly and religiously hold. How are the young to be guided when their elders are at variance? That is the question we have assembled here to answer."

President Angell then introduced Dr. Clark, whose plea was for the training of religious teachers in what he termed industrial or manual religious education.

"Sloyd was but of yesterday," he declared. "The school for the training of teachers in religious work is of later date. The step we must take must be a step in the line of practical religious education—call it industrial or manual religious education if you will. There is need of such training schools. The young people's societies are the best avenues through which this work may be done. These societies train young people to lead in prayer meetings."

"It will be a sad day when the prayer meeting falls into desuetude. These societies will cure also two other failings of the churches—the indifference to strangers and the different social strata within the church which never coalesce. These societies will break down the spirit of caste which is the spirit of anti-Christ. Too many church people prefer to go slumming than to work within their church."

Mr. Hervey, Examiner of the Board of Education, New York, said he did not send his child to Sunday School, and that the Sunday School was regarded by some as immoral, and he didn't know but he agreed with them. "There are three social institutions charged with the responsibility for religious education," he added. "They are the State, the home and the church. That the public schools are doing this work is not always recognized. The education of the public school is deeply but not specifically religious. The schools are feeling but not saying much. When great apparent efforts to do this work in the schools are made, less is accomplished."

"A more comprehensive movement for religious training in the study of the Bible must be made," said Rev. Bitting of New York. "Millions are being poured out by our rich men for the advancement of secular education. Would that some of these would pour out their money for religious education." Mr. Bitting pleaded for a draught of pure air of Christian scholarship in the stifling atmosphere of present methods. He also wanted to bridge the chasm that separates the two schools of thought, and suggested that preventive hygiene was to be preferred to problematical therapeutics. He was almost in-

clined to join the Restless Club, with a motto of anywhere but where we are, but was not inclined to put dynamite under defective agencies.

The remedy he suggested was an organized aggressive campaign of Bible study according to sound educational methods. He thought we were in the woods in a dark night.

In fact when Hervey and Bitting had shown up the present conditions, things looked gloomy and I thought we were not going to see land again, but President Bashford of Delaware came on deck at last and in a masterly address, the strongest of the evening on the conservative line, Bitting being the most effective among the radicals, brought the ship to her course again.

"In advancing religious education among the young we must take no step that will tend toward the union of church and state," said President Bashford. "What is needed is more religious work between parent and child. The family prayer must be reinstated. The Sunday School must be improved by the training of the teachers."

"Within the next ten or fifteen years there ought to be one million families organized for the daily study of the Bible. The private college must be made a center of this work." He plead for devotional study, the morning watch, and example rather than precept as solutions for present difficulties. He quoted Matthew Arnold and Huxley as claiming that the Bible was the most potent influence in moral education.

On the program of the convention Wednesday morning was the general subject: "The modern conception of religious education." This was treated first as a part of General Education, secondly as conditioned by the principles of modern Psychology and Pedagogy and then as Affected by Modern Historical Study of the Bible.

This was the quintessence of the whole convention. To propagate this the convention was called and would it not have been the fair, honest thing to have so stated? Why should it have been wrapped in capsule as if it were bitter medicine?

Here came the ravening wolf with its terrible fangs ready to eat Little Red Riding Hood Orthodoxy, ready to pounce upon the fold of trembling sheep, who thought they knew the voice of the Shepherd; but President Rush Rhees of the University of Rochester gently put his hand in its mouth, down its throat, clear to its tail, gave it a gentle pull and turned the wolf inside out and headed it for the orthodox fold. And behold it had wool on it and could go into the fold without arousing suspicion of the shepherd or evoking a growl from the faithful watchdogs. It was rich and yet a child could understand it. He was frank and kind to the old thought. If there is to be a compromise between the schools, I hope he will be chosen by the new school for arbitrator. No tricks, no sarcasm; he had no manuscript, but he never faltered for a word and every word was the right word.

Some of the ultra educated speakers would reach in their vest pocket, then their hip pocket, and then they would manage to get

a fairly good synonym from their inside coat pocket. They ignored the great work that is now being done and ridiculed as archaic the belief of nine-tenths of Christendom. Far from this was Mr. Rhees. And if I ever espouse historical criticism let me sit at the feet of Rhees of Rochester. He said (and I hope to present a stenographic report in the April number), that we should not accept theories of inspiration but facts of inspiration, not how God ought to have committed His thoughts to men, but how He did. Criticism answers certain questions, who, why and when? It is modern, honest effort to obtain answers to questions and coldly disregards answers handed down by tradition. Religion is a growth and religious education is not a study of religion, and is not to elicit knowledge, but faith and action. Conception of God and duty is the aim of religious education, and sin is duty not done. Our religion should not be the religion of a book. Post-Reformation set before us an infallible book. The religion of a book is what Christ had to contend with. He then cited the questioning concerning divorce, and how Christ said it was through hardness of their hearts that it was permitted.

It should not be a religion of a book, but a religion with a book. Recedence of inspiration brings about the inherent authority of the Scripture, and will be a check to vagaries.

This is very fragmentary, but will give a faint idea of what was done by far the most eloquent and interesting address of the convention.

Prof. Willett followed with a statement of the position of the most advanced criticism; the U. of C. autocratic brand, and one felt as he finished like a little fellow reading Riley's "Goblins will get you, if you don't watch out" shortly before going to bed. He succeeded in turning the sheep into a wolf.

Prof. Starbuck of Leland Stanford, Jr., University said that religious education did not differ from secular education. The Sunday School is not to feed the church, but to teach the Bible. We should not try to make students all believe the same thing. Among reforms he mentioned was a graded course of lessons and graduation. (Both of which are in use in thousands of Sunday Schools.) He said the soul and mind is a growth. He quoted Carlyle's sarcasm concerning Christians who are whining in prayer about the salvation of their individual souls. He probably had never read the advice of one fully as great as Carlyle who recommended that men should strive or agonize to enter in.

Nearly all the intellectual Goliaths who spoke made statements that were fair marks for stones from the Bible brook had they been put in the sling of some young David.

President King of Oberlin was heartily received and made an address second only to President Rhees. It is unfortunate that he was not given the same subject as Rhees and Willett, for he is a conservative and he would no doubt have made it interesting.

My historical critical friends may say that I totally misunderstand them and cannot appreciate their purposes. This may be but I am not wholly to blame, for they do not

agree among themselves. I have asked them where I can find a statement of their doctrines. One will cite a certain book, another the teachings of some professor.

Orthodoxy may be, as they say, a religion of a book, but criticism is a religion without a book, or too many books that do not agree. In fact the different shades of the new thought at Chicago were as varied as that of the tongues of Babel.

With but few exceptions men who are propagating the new thought are not strenuous in Christian activity. They are men who do not believe in revivals, but put their trust in education in the Sunday School, but the actual self-sacrifice necessary in such education is performed by teachers who hold very conservative opinions concerning the Bible. The importance of child education and conversion cannot be overestimated, but why bar the gates of heaven to thousands that may be and who are converted later in life? In fact looseness in belief means looseness in self-sacrifice, and in the end leads or is apt to lead to selfishness. The old Orthodox naturally gravitates to his class in Sunday School and to church. Historical Critic is drawn, when indisposed, to the golf-ground. They say part caring for the body and idealizing self is part of our duty, and that the one may be as religious on the golf-ground as the other. Old Orthodox is said to be too much otherworldly. In fact does not the new thought seek to invent a religion without self-sacrifice, and if they do the whole world will go after it. But there are some, Christ said that are not of the world.

A hundred years ago an attempt was made to organize a religion without self-sacrifice, and to be consistent they uncrowned the King of Kings and tore off the robe of His divinity and denounced His death on the cross. It has not succeeded; in fact it is becoming leavened with the sacrificial idea. Is this new thought an effort of this century, to allow the sacrifice of the founder, but to disavow the necessity of self-sacrifice among His followers.

Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, etc. (Phil. 4: 8), in historical criticism, let us think on these things. And if it will strengthen our hearts and increase our faith and enlarge our service to others, let us lay hold of it. But let us remember that by their works shall they be known and judged and followed. When it produces a Moody, a Spurgeon or a Drummond, then hearken. But let us not, like the dog crossing the foot-bridge, drop the loaf he had in his mouth, for the shadow of the loaf in the stream.

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Book Review.

One of the books of the year, not only to be read but to be purchased and kept for many readings, is *Messages of the Masters*, by Amory H. Bradford, published by F. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. They are indeed "Spiritual Interpretations of Great Paintings." Perhaps no better idea of the book could be given than to say that after a reading, one handles it with a feeling almost of reverence. It is not merely the impressions made upon one of artistic taste and discernment by the greatest masterpieces of art; rather it seems to be the message of one to whom high and holy things have been revealed, and that must be shared with others, in order to be fully possessed. Many of us might spend hours before any one of these ten paintings, mostly inspired by sacred subjects, and yet not see half that this writer reveals to us. It is ever true that each must in a sense be his own interpreter, but that Mr. Bradford has divined much of the thought of the masters seems certain in one case at least. His essay on Munkacsy's "Christ on the Cross," by chance fell into the hands of the painter, who afterwards sent him "a specially signed artist's proof with most appreciative words."

Several of these essays would furnish material for a most helpful Sunday evening service on "Christ in Art," and a distribution of the Perry prints of the painting (at a cent apiece) among the congregation would greatly add to the interest.—C. H. B.

Preaching in the New Age, by A. J. Lyman, D. D., consists of Dr. Lyman's lectures at Hartford Theological Seminary. The best chapter in the book is the one on the preparation of sermons. He says:

"Just a hint here as to the use of manuscript in the pulpit. The best method I have ever discovered (and had to discover it—necessity in that case was the mother of invention), is so variedly to distribute the crow tracks of one's writing on the page as that the mere sight of the page, or of two or three largely written or underscored 'catch words' on it, will recall to one's memory the entire page; so that you can have your sermon entirely written out, and yet read it so that nobody will know that it is written."

He adds that Monday morning is a good work time for many ministers. It was one of Beecher's best days. Tuesday was his off day. Revell Company, Chicago, Ill.

The Revivalist, Cincinnati, O., has published a very interesting *Life of Charles G. Finney*, which will be sent on receipt of 20 cents. Several chapters are given to his revival work.

In writing "Training the Church of the Future," Francis E. Clark, the founder of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, has performed another service of world-wide importance in gathering together in the compass of a serviceable manual his lectures upon the subject of Christian Nurture and all the data pertaining to the origin and spread of the Christian Endeavor movement,

together with forms of constitutions, pledges, etc., used in the Society and its various branches. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

"A Revolution in the Science of Cosmology," by Geo. Campbell, sustains from a scientific standpoint the Bible account of creation. Crane & Co., Topeka, Kansas.

David Gregg's little booklet on the "Dictum of Reason on Man's Immortality" is well written and of more than usual interest. He says Reason has a right to be heard on all subjects pertaining to our religion. E. B. Treat & Co., New York.

That "Stories of Great National Songs," by Col. Nicholas Smith, was written by a man in love with his subject, is shown in the first chapter. He gives the origin and incidents of *My Country 'Tis of Thee* and many other songs. Mrs. Howe received \$5 for the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, and when James Russell Lowell was editor of the *Atlantic* he refused a poem from her.

Chosen of God, by Herbert W. Leethe, is devoted to progress in Christian life and forms in its three parts, *The Fact Revealed*, *Correlated Truths*, and *Spiritual Results*, forms a strong appeal to Christians to move upward into the higher life. The Revell Company, Chicago.

John G. Paton has taken the readers of "Beautiful Characters" into the most sacred room of his memory and told of pastoral experiences among his people of long since in a way that is heart refreshing. The characters described remind one of Ian Maclaren's, but Paton deals with the spiritual side exclusively. American Tract Society, New York. Price 50c. If you are looking for a gift book you will not choose amiss.

Indian Legends is true to nature, for it was written by an Indian girl and illustrated by another. One feels as if he was getting them first hand and not from a middle-man or poet, as in Hiawatha. Ginn & Co., Boston, Mass.

In view of widespread criticism, high or low, deep or shallow, "Why We Believe the Bible," by Henry M. King, is timely and is a good companion to "How We Got Our Bible." American Tract Society, New York.

To the student of literature, and especially of poetry, "Select Translations from Old English Poetry" will bring some rare pleasure. It contains translations that have not been published and is a collection of others from numerous sources. Ginn & Co., Boston.

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THE HOMILETIC YEAR.

(Continued from page 358.)

and command the respect of all, so that he can teach with better authority. Though the church and servants may be in their places, it will nevertheless require the co-operation of the laity to bring about a successful revival, hence the third Scripture passage.

III. And the Levites caused the people to understand the law, and the people stood in their places. Nehemiah 8:7.

It is an undeniable fact that if the work of the Lord is to prosper in any congregation the membership must be co-workers with the pastor and the church institutions. In view of this allow me to exhort you to "stand in your place."

1. By heeding the admonitions and teachings of the servants of God. Not be indifferent to what they say, for they watch over you as such who must give an account for your souls.

2. By having confidence in them as your leaders. Consult with them freely as to the best methods to be adopted for the best possible results.

3. By being punctual in every service, and not absent yourself for any trivial cause.

4. By doing all you can in prayer, singing and after service. Unless there is co-operation our best efforts may prove a failure. "Let every man stand in his place."—F. E. Erdman, D. D.

The Loiterer Saved: "And while he lingered, the men laid hold upon his hand," etc. Gen. 19: 16.

Two angelic travelers went from Abraham's tent to the house of Lot in Sodom, on a solemn errand. They were divinely sent. An act of marvelous kindness to a wicked people; and an answer to Abraham's intercessions. What surprises us, is the conduct of Lot.

I. He is loath to leave the doomed city.

1. Lot had been faithfully warned. And this had its effect; he was resolved to go, and hastens to warn his sons-in-law—v. 14. But in the morning he shows signs of a change. The angels urge him to make his escape—v. 15. But he lingers. God warns now, and scores act as did this man.

2. Why did Lot linger? He surely was convinced of the divine authority of the guests. The command was urgent. What kept him back? Evidently that which brought him to Sodom. He "loved this present world." What a sad picture! How the angels must have wondered! There are many Lots today; slow to obey God's commands and live. Why?—Luke 9: 59, 62.

3. Behold the evil tendency of worldliness. Lot did not go to Sodom immediately. But soon we find him there. "The whirlpool has sucked him to its very center." Now, how hard for him to break away. This is the way of the worldling; men do not go down at a single leap.

II. Consider Lot's gracious deliverance.

1. He is fairly pulled out of the doomed city. We look at Lot with amazement, and condemn him in the court of our consciences. He was saved, "yet so as by fire"—a hair-breadth deliverance—Zech. 3:2. But is this

an uncommon occurrence? We are but beholding what has occurred a thousand times since. How often does weak, sinful human nature tarry in sight of the most terrible prospects, etc. Multitudes linger, slow to heed the most tender warnings.

2. Lot's rescue is a type of man's salvation. He was tenderly warned, etc., and seeing him still lingering, the angels use more violent means. Infinite love reaches from heaven and snatches him away from that which kept him back. Ten thousand times better for him to lose every particle of earthly good than to lose his life. Thus God still manifests His grace when man is so reluctant to heed His commands, etc. What is bitter trial at times—sickness, misfortune, bereavement, etc.—what are these but the hand of a heavenly messenger laying hold of us when we tarry?

Application.—1. Beware of the evil of worldliness. 2. Do not procrastinate. 3. Flee to Jesus now.—Rev. J. W. Hoover.

God's Time Our Opportunity: "And let it be when thou hearest the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees," etc. 2 Sam. 5: 24.

God points out the plan of attack for Israel, and sets the time for action. The teaching is, we should be waiting and watching for divine signs, and improve our opportunities when pointed out.

I. God's time the church's opportunity.

To everything God has a season, and a time for every divine purpose. This is revealed all through the Scriptures by the oft recurring words—"And when the fulness of time was come"—"the time is at hand." Our God is the God of order and not of confusion. (a) God has a "set time to favor Zion." "When thou hearest a sound of going," etc. That was the time when David was to know God was at hand. (b) God gives His people signs, by which they may know His time is at hand. "When thou hearest the sound of a going," etc.—Luke 21: 25-34. God gives His church evidences, not only by ear, but by eye. The tramp of many feet going up to the temple to worship; the sound of prayer from the lukewarm and backslider, is pretty good evidence that God is going to favor Zion. (c) The duty of God's people is to take advantage of the signs—"When thou hearest the sound of a going," etc., "bestir thyself."

II. God's time the sinner's opportunity.

Some men think their time is God's opportunity. They presume on the day of grace. The teaching of the Bible is clear. (a) There are seasons of special drawing, such as times of personal sickness, affliction, bereavement, death in a community of some prominent character, a revival in the local church, catastrophes similar to the Johnstown disaster. These are occasions when truth knocks louder at the door of conscience and the heart, to attract the attention of the soul. (b) There is a time when the Holy Spirit ceases to draw. The sound among the mulberry trees had a limit. The Scripture saith, "Quench not the Spirit," "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God," "My spirit shall not always strive with man." There is the possibility of placing ourselves where we never can be drawn. (c) The

present is God's time. "Now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation." When thou hearest the Gospel invitation, bestir thyself, sinner. God's time is your opportunity.

Illustrations.—Pool of Bethesda. The woman of Samaria. Zaccheus in the sycamore tree. Christ Jesus passing by, He may not come this way again. Cry unto Him as did the blind man—"Thou, Son of David, have mercy on me."—Rev. W. J. Day.

Labor in Vain: "I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed upon you labor in vain."—Galatians 4: 11.

Two expressions reveal the uncertainty of Paul's mind regarding the spiritual status of the Galatians: "I am afraid of you," and "I stand in doubt of you."

I. The office of the Christian ministry is one of anxiety and toil. Preaching the Gospel is anxious, laborious and exhausting work. To all this Paul also bears testimony in 2 Cor. 2: 15-17.

II. Much of the labor of faithful ministers falls in point of saving result.

"Labor in vain." Every minister of Christ is painfully conscious that his best efforts at saving some people have been absolutely fruitless. This recollection caused Isaiah to exclaim: "Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed." It was this recollection that brought from the Saviour's lips such touching words as those recorded in Matt. 11: 20-24: No harvest after sowing; no salvation after preaching. How sad! This unnecessary sorrow filled Jeremiah's heart. This unnecessary sorrow after preaching is what makes preaching such anxious and wearisome work. To have borne a message from God, and to have that message rejected—to have warned men of eternal danger and yet to see them rush into it—to have presented the Saviour and to see Him despised—to have swung open the gate of life, and yet to see countless multitudes walk through the gate of death, to lie down in darkness unilluminated, and in fires unquenchable—this is what follows us to our home and disturbs us in our slumbers.

III. Persons upon whom the labors of the Gospel ministry are bestowed in vain.

1. Those who begin in the Spirit and end in the flesh. Paul found this class in Galatia. We find them in many congregations today.

2. Those who persist in their ruinous indifference. Labor bestowed upon this class seems like carving in ice, the marks of which the sun quickly effaces. The six indifferent week-days completely melt away our Sabbath toil. To use another figure, it is like writing in the ocean sands when the tide is out, for the incoming tide will wash out every trace of the lettering of a day before.

3. Those who have set themselves like a flint against their convictions of duty, in the matter of personal salvation. These are stony-hearted. Ironclads of resistance are they. As little as the great walls of stone in a quarry are affected by the discharge of a shot-gun, so little are these people evidently affected by the preaching of the Gospel.

IV. Things those who have to answer for upon whom the Gospel ministry has had no saving effect. 1. That they have despised the

blessed ministry of reconciliation. 2. That they have set at naught the one only and all sufficient Redeemer. 3. That they have both grieved and quenched the Holy Spirit. 4. That they have destroyed themselves and that without remedy.—Rev. J. H. Shirey.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Terrace of Indecision. A little west of Mt. Zion, near the Jaffa gate of Jerusalem, is a small terrace, on the top of a water-shed, so level that the rain as it falls upon it seems at a loss which way to go. But part of it is carried by a faint breath of wind over on the west side and descends into the Valley of Roses, and down to the beautiful plain of Sharon. Fertility and beauty and fruits spring up, and finally it is exhaled to heaven from the fragrant cups of the lilies and roses of Sharon. But a large part of it finds its way to the other side of the terrace and descends through the dark valley of Tepheth to the Dead Sea, where it brings forth the apples of Sodom and is lost forever in the bitter waters of the Sea of Death. This terrace is the Terrace of Indecision.

Now: You are at a railroad station and a train is just ready to leave for the place where you want to go. You wait to consider whether to go on that train, and just by waiting you decide that you will not go, for the train leaves you behind. In the same way you cannot put off decision for Christ without deciding against Him today.

No Decision is Decision: At the battle of Gettysburg a general reported to Longstreet, the commanding officer, that he could not bring his men up again. Longstreet answered sarcastically, "Very well; never mind, then; just let them stay where they are; the enemy's going to advance, and that will spare you the trouble." In the same way, while we are delaying to take a stand against the enemy of our souls he is steadily advancing upon us.

Time is Eternity: Max Muller wrote a great sentence when he wrote, "Lost time is lost eternity." No minute stands by itself. Every instant has eternal reflections, perpetual issues. When you lose a minute, you lose all that that minute could have accomplished by its prolongation forever.

To rise by others' fall
I deem a losing gain;
All states with others' ruins built
To ruins run amain.—Southwell.

DR. JAMES M. GRAY

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SERMON DEPARTMENT.

GOD'S CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS.

A SERMON PREACHED AT THE OPENING OF A REVIVAL.

LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D. D.

I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, here am I; send me."—Isaiah 6: 8.

God has chosen to use men to save men. He has honored us by offering us the opportunity, the glorious privilege of working together with Him for the salvation of our fellow-men. We are to be helpers in the world's redemption. Thomas Carlyle used to like to quote the old Scotchman who said: "A' weel, Donald, God bring a' richt." And the other Scotchman saying back to him: "Hech, sir, but we must help Him to do it." God has chosen that we shall learn to love our fellow-men through our love for Him, and that, on the other hand, we shall come to have a truer and nobler love for God, through our love and service for our fellow-men.

Jesus Christ infused into the Christian Gospel, and into Christian life an element of marvellous beauty and power, when He declared so solemnly that any service which we did for our fellow-men, the humblest and poorest of them, in His name, and for love of Him, He would regard it, and treasure it up in memory with the same thankfulness and appreciation as though it had been done for Him personally. A young man had been reading that wonderful chapter in Matthew's Gospel, which tells about the Judgment, when these things that have been done lovingly for fellow-men are rewarded by the Lord, and he went away from the reading of it hungry in his heart for a chance to do something to minister to Jesus Christ. "Ah," he said to himself, "if I could only have a chance to give Him a drink when He is hot and thirsty; to carry a load or a burden for Him that would rest His shoulders, how happy I would be!" While he was saying this he was walking along the street, and he saw a poor old rag woman, a most hopeless looking creature, with a basket loaded too heavy for her. The poor old soul was having a hard time of it. She puffed and panted a few steps, and then she would have to put it down, and rest a bit before she could go on. Like a flash there came over the young fellow that here was a chance to do something for Jesus Christ. With all the gentleness and consideration he would have shown the most refined and elegantly gowned woman of his acquaintance, he went to her and said, "Let me carry it for you up the hill."

The old woman looked at him in astonishment. There was also mingled in it a little fear that he might be meaning to steal her rags. But a look in his face assured her, and full of wonder she trotted along after, as the big strong fellow lifted the basket on his shoulder and walked up the street. When they reached the cellar to which the old woman was journeying, the tears were in her eyes as she mumbled out: "God bless you, sir!" But to her greater astonishment, the young man grasped her hand, and said:

"Oh, mother, you have done me a great service this morning." "Why, what have I done for you?" she answered. "You have helped me to give a cup of cold water to my tired Lord." And he went away leaving her more mystified than ever.

Now that is the secret nerve of great evangelistic work and labor in winning men and women to Christ. If you love Jesus, and are grateful beyond everything for His great loving kindness toward you, then there is that in you that will sustain and support you in a mission of mercy and love to those who are about you. This is true, in the second place because when we have this love for Christ, and see His love and appreciation of our fellow-men, it is borne in upon us that even the most wicked of our neighbors are worth saving, and have in them a spark of life that may be fanned into a flame as divine and splendid as ever burned in the heart of any saint in the history of the race. This faith in humanity has been the secret on the human side of every great movement to save men and women. You may see a very remarkable illustration of this in the case of Mrs. Ballington Booth, in her mission to the prisoners in the penitentiaries and jails of the land. Some years ago, when Mrs. Booth began her beautiful work in behalf of the prisoners, she found the hardest part of her labor, and by far the most discouraging, was to get honest employment for released convicts. Nobody wanted such men around. But the courageous and loving woman persevered, and now she bears witness that offers of positions for ex-prisoners come to her in greater numbers than she can fill. There is a great truth illustrated by this fact. It is safe to have faith in men. Mrs. Booth believed in the hidden kindness of employers, and in the hidden trustworthiness of prisoners, if only they could be won to Christ. She went from one jail to another and from one penitentiary to another, preaching to them the Gospel of hope, and forgiveness, and divine help in Jesus Christ, and it had the same effect in penitentiaries as anywhere else. Men heard it and fell on their knees before Christ, and were forgiven. All over the land, under the wonderful leadership of this messenger of God, there are penitentiaries in which are scores of men who are devout Christians. When these men come out, honest employment is waiting for them, because employers of labor have learned that the Christianity of these men holds out, and that the real manhood in them is strengthened, and redeemed, and bulwarked by Jesus Christ.

Now I have brought this message to you this morning because I desire to press home upon your hearts the great truth, that in every special movement of the Christian Church, as well as in our every-day life of Christian service, God is calling for volunteers to go as His messengers. God never drafts men into this service. The man who is drafted goes

because he has to; he cannot help himself; but the volunteer goes for love's sake. So God calls for volunteers, and in the coming weeks, which we have prayerfully and reverently set apart as a season when day and night this church shall have for its great object the winning of men and women and children to immediate decision for Christ, I feel that there can be no other theme quite so appropriate to bring to the members of this church as the theme which I have selected. God wants volunteers to reach the people of our vicinity, of our community in this great city. He is saying to us, "Who will go?" And I come in His name, and praying that the Holy Spirit may give power and attraction to the invitation, I ask of you, "Who will go as God's messenger to these people living here about us, our neighbors, and our associates in business, in school, and in society, and invite them to come to Christ?" And I am sure that the moment I broach this subject the answers are rising in your minds and almost formulating themselves on your lips, and that many of you are saying to yourselves, and would say to me if I had you alone in this discussion, "I would gladly win some one to Christ, but I have no genius for it. I have no tact for this kind of work. I do not know how." How do you know you have no genius, or tact, or skill in the matter until you have tried? There is at least one thing you can do that cannot fail to have value, and that is begin at once, prayerfully, and lovingly, but most earnestly to bear your testimony to your personal devotion to Christ, and to witness to His personal blessing to your own soul.

A highly educated, cultivated Christian man invited a gentleman of high position, who happened to be his guest, to attend the church prayer meeting with him. It was a church to which a number of highly cultivated men belonged, and this man, who was playing host, hoped that some of the best speakers would take part that evening, and some of them did so. Finally, a plain working man arose in the meeting, and said, hesitatingly, "My friends, I haven't much to say, but I do want to say that I love the Lord, Jesus Christ, with all my heart, and that I wish you all had the comfort in His love that I have." The host felt sorry that this good man had, as he thought, marred the higher plane of the meeting; he was sorry on his visitor's account. As they walked home from the meeting, he referred to the eloquent remarks of one of the speakers of the evening, and asked if the guest didn't think that was well said. To his astonishment, his guest replied, "Yes, it was very well, but that man who told of his love for Christ, he took hold of my heart." And so you may take hold of the hearts of the people whom you know. What a shame it is that we should go so dumb and silent along the way when Christ has done so much for us.

Frances Ridley Havergal says, that when she went into a boarding school as a pupil, just after she confessed Christ, she was startled to find that, among a hundred girls, she was the only one that had made a public confession of Christ. Her first feeling was that she could not avow her love for Christ with

all that company of worldly girls around her. But her second thought was that she could not but avow it, since she was the only one Christ had there to represent Him. This thought was most strengthening, and that decision began a life that was wonderfully blessed as God's messenger among her fellow-men and woman.

Once in an English dining-room, some twenty men were seated around a table from which the ladies had withdrawn. After the ladies had retired, the conversation took a turn which was evil in its suggestion, and sneering and contemptuous in its spirit toward Christianity. One young man who had sat until he could bear it no longer, rang the bell for his carriage, and courteously taking leave of his host, explained his going away by saying, gracefully but firmly, that he was still a Christian. The young man who dared to do that simple Christ-like thing lived to be Sir Robert Peel. Such incidents suggest to us those solemn words of Jesus, "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed when He cometh in the glory of His Father with the holy angels."

But there is much more you can do as God's messenger. Some of you are Sunday School teachers, and God has put into your hands a most sacred trust. It is a greater thing to win a child to Christ than it is to win a full-grown man or woman. Fill the heart of the child now with love for Christ, and the character will have a chance to grow and expand until the man or the woman will be infinitely greater and more useful to the world even though we knew they might be won to Christ in later years. God is asking today who will go and win that boy, full of mischief, it is true, bashful it may be, and often seeming sullen when it is simply that he knows not how to meet the approaches of people; who will go to that boy, and win his heart, and open it for Christ? Who will go to that girl, just opening out of childhood into girlhood, with all the brooding mystery of a girl's heart, with all the gentle, and gracious, and heavenly possibilities of womanhood nestling there? Who will go to this girl and win her love and affection, and turn the sacred treasure of her budding woman's soul over to the divine and chivalrous Christ? What is your answer, Sunday School teacher? The boy or the girl is in your class. Are you ready to say today, humbly, but earnestly, "Here am I; send me."

There is no better place on earth to win souls to Christ than in the Sunday School, and in a time of revival, a Sunday School teacher ought to be on the alert that every member of his or her class may be saved. Ian Mac-laren tells about being at the seaside, and of watching the fishing boats as they returned in the evening. The fishermen would wait outside till the tide rose high enough for them to enter the harbor. One night a boat missed the entrance. The men were careless, or they did not tack properly. The others were all inside. A feeling of pity for that boat came over him just as if it had been a living creature, for men were in it. He rose at night to look out of the window. There it was—it had missed the tide.

Oh, Sunday School teachers, a revival is the highest spiritual tide that comes to the church. God grant that you may float all your class into the harbor in the meetings just beginning. The time will come when should you do that, it will be to you the cause of more happiness than any other victory or success that can come to you in life.

Mr. Moody used to quote a poem called "The Noisy Seven," which illustrates our thought:

I wonder if he remembers—
That good old man in heaven—
The class in the old red school-house
Known as the "Noisy Seven."
I wonder if he remembers
How restless we used to be,
Or thinks we forgot the lessons
Of Christ and Gethsemane.
I wish I could tell the story
As he used to tell it then;
I'm sure that, with Heaven's blessing,
I could reach the hearts of men.
That voice so touchingly tender
Comes down to me through the years—
A pathos which seemed to mingle
His own with the Saviour's tears.
I often wish I could tell him—
Though we caused him so much pain
By our thoughtless, boyish frolic—
His labors were not in vain.
I'd like to tell him how Harry,
The merriest one of all,
From the bloody field of Shiloh
Went home to the Master's call,
I'd like to tell him how Stephen,
So brimming with mirth and fun,
Now tells the leaders of China
The tale of the Crucified One.
I'd like to tell him how Joseph,
And Philip, and Jack, and Jay,
Are honored among the churches,
The foremost men of their day.
I'd like, yes, I'd like to tell him
What his lessons did for me,
And how I'm trying to follow
The Christ of Gethsemane.
Perhaps he knows it already,
For Harry has told, maybe,
That we are coming—coming
Through Christ of Gethsemane.
How many besides I know
Will gather at last in heaven,
The fruit of that faithful sowing,
But the sheaves will surely be seven.

Some of you have children of your own family that are growing up without a personal knowledge of Christ. Are you going to let God ask this question, "Who will go to that child," and there be no answer from you?

Some of you have neighbors or friends that you have had fellowship with for a long time, but they are without Christ, and you have often hoped and prayed that your fellowship might be made complete by their coming to love Jesus as you love Him. God is asking: "Who will go to this man, or this woman, and talk with them and pray with them, and tell them of my love for them, and win them from their sins to faith in Me?" Are you going to be silent when that question is asked? Oh, what a glorious victory it would be, if even now while I speak, from the depths of your heart, there should rise up the resolution, the quick, and strong, and determined response to God, "Here am I; send me."

Do not forget that while the tide is rising in a special time of concentration of thought on the one question, as in a series of revival meetings, it will be much easier to win your neighbor, or your friend, or your child to Jesus, than it will at another time.

But perhaps as I have been speaking,

parent, and Sunday School teacher, and friend have been saying, "Alas, I am so unworthy to be God's messenger to another soul." If that is the way you feel, then listen to what had passed between Isaiah and God to fit the young man for his holy task. He had a vision, in which the holiness of God was impressed upon him. And when he looked upon the purity and glory of God, his unworthiness pressed heavy upon him, until he cried aloud, and said: "Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts." Then an angel flew unto him, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar: and he laid it upon the young man's mouth, and said, "Lo, this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged." Then it was that Isaiah felt ready at the call of God to go as the divine messenger. Oh, I pray God this day, that He will show each one of us our unworthiness, but at the same time, He will make us ready to submit ourselves to the divine cleansing that shall fit us to do His work. Are you willing to give up your sins? Are you willing to lose your unworthiness? Are you willing to forsake your indifference? Are you willing to lose your uncleanness? Then God is willing to send His angel with a live coal from off the heavenly altar, to burn away all unworthiness, to purge you from all your iniquity, and fit you for the divinest service with which any man has ever been honored.

Oh, my brethren, the need is very pressing. Around us are multitudes of men and women who are without God and without hope in the world, who must be saved from their sins now or never. Some of them will not live for another year. It is our last chance to reach them. There are children within the touch of our love, and our influence now that will be lost from us, and it may be lost forever to good influence, unless we now lay our hands on them for God. There are homes in our midst that are prayerless; homes full of discord and strife; homes which are blighted by drunkenness, and sin; homes on which the deadly hand of evil has been laid with a weight so heavy and black that they are more like the beginning of hell than a foretaste of heaven. This is our chance. Get Christ into these homes and they will become sweet and loving. Get Christ into the heart of the drunkard and he will become sober. Get Christ into the heart of the despairing woman, and she will hope again. Get the little child to put his hand in the hand of Jesus, and He will lead him safely all the way. With infinite pity God looks down on all these prayerless homes, on all these sinful lives, on all these broken and despairing hearts, on all these wayward and tempted children, and then He turns to us, and says: "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" May God help each one of us that have named the name of Jesus, and have enlisted under His banner to volunteer our service today, and say with all the love, and enthusiasm, and self-sacrifice of which our natures are capable, "Here am I; send me."

THE PULPIT COMMITTEE.

By CLARA B. ALDRICH.

It was a large committee and also representative, as it contained all the conflicting elements of the little church at Glenwood. To this august body had been assigned the task of recommending a pastor; and as the church received the right to veto, there was serenity outside of this inner circle. Five Sabbaths in succession the sacred platform had served as scales, but the occupants had all failed to register the exact weight required.

This July evening the committee had met in the little room still called the pastor's study and adjourned with the usual record. No choice. The chairman, old Deacon Harvey, who was also trustee, sexton and general pack-mule of the church, was now almost discouraged. For forty years he had borne this church on his heart and pocket; and now it seemed likely to be wrecked on sheer contrariness. He knew that by a little financial threatening, he could have his choice of pastor; but he was too good a Baptist to try such a scheme.

So, having turned out all the lights, but one faint glimmer, he sat down on the ample sofa to think.

The drone of an insect aroused him, and, rubbing his eyes, he could see in the office chair at the desk, the dim outline of a man. Then, the moon bursting through a cloud, fell full on the figure, and the Deacon exclaimed, "Why, Brother Goldberg! How natural you look, sitting there! But I thought you passed over the river, soon after you resigned."

"So I did," the visitor replied, in a calm, mellow voice. "But the river is not very wide; and remembering how loyally you stood by me, I stepped back to give you a lift with your burden."

"Oh, could you find a pastor for us—the right man you know, who would suit the whole church?" the deacon asked eagerly.

"The right man you could find yourself," said the man at the desk. "But the man that could suit all more than six months is not to be found on earth nor in heaven, but perhaps I can help you to convince the committee of their waywardness, and they may become more reasonable. You see this little machine that I have brought. Turn the crank, and it will unroll the portraits of the great men of the Bible. If the pulpit committee can agree on any one of these, without asking him to candidate, I will use my influence to induce him to accept a call." This said, the office chair became vacant.

The deacon re-lighted the lamps and pulled the bell-rope, startling the sleepers for half a mile around, then sat down behind the wonderful machine. With no appearance of surprise, the committee filed in and took their accustomed seats. The chairman explained and the grinding began.

"I move we recommend Noah," said the Junior Deacon, as the form of the patriarch trailing the fading light of Eden appeared on the canvas.

"There is one objection," interposed Brother Brown. "We need a man of revival

turn. Noah preached 120 years and gained only seven converts."

"But he did win his own family," retorted Mrs. Snap, significantly; and the mounting color in the brother's face showed that the arrow had pierced the sorest spot in his heart.

"Noah was one of the three most beloved of the Lord," ventured the chairman.

"But he backslid, and even became intoxicated," argued Mrs. Jones. "Noah won't do. Grind on chairman."

Another patriarch stood before the committee in majestic simplicity, and the chairman announced, "Abraham, the friend of God, and father of the faithful."

"He looks every inch a pastor, and his retinue would fill the empty pews," remarked Dr. Wood, who was the head usher. "I move we recommend Abraham."

"I understand," said Miss Pincher slowly, her keen eyes piercing the canvas, "that his domestic relations have not always been felicitous."

"Enough! Grind on," chorused the committee.

With lines of suffering on his noble brow, and the soul of poetry shining from his eyes, Job now stood before them. "A professor of sanctification! It will never do," protested the Junior Deacon.

"But he took all that back when he stood face to face with the Lord," pleaded the chairman. But no one else moved, so Job moved on.

"What a splendid figure that would make in our pulpit!" exclaimed Mrs. Snap, as the matchless form of Moses paused before their eyes. "And they say he has enjoyed rare advantages abroad."

"He might be a good hand to straighten out our business tangles," observed Brother Brown who was a trustee.

"But he is slow of speech," objected Mrs. Jones. "We must have a more vivacious man to please the young misses."

Prophets, poets and kings rolled past, till at length Elijah stood before them rugged and grand. "The sinners would not love him," said Brother Brown sadly.

"And fancy that old mantle at one of our receptions," simpered Mrs. Posy. "But there comes Elisha who looks more refined."

"It's no use," said Dr. Wood, who was also the Sunday School superintendent. "The children have all heard about those she-bears, and would hate him from the start."

Robed in oriental richness, and carrying his massive head loftily, a very prince of men, Daniel now held the committee spellbound.

"Now there is a man that could get a good grip on our young men," remarked the chairman.

"And he might be nominated for president by the Prohibition party, which would reflect honor upon our church," suggested Mrs. Snap.

"Now look here," spoke up Lawyer Dick, frowning ominously. "I am not going to be contrary, seeing I seldom come to the church except on such occasions as this, when I am

needed. But I cannot conscientiously recommend a man who dabbles in politics. And besides, you know as well as I, that Daniel's radical ideas on temperance would drive away half of the men in our congregation."

"Elijah, again!" choruses the committee. "No, it is John the Baptist." Several thought he was the very man for Glenwood, as he could draw the crowd, which was the thing needed most. But here the lawyer entered another protest. "John is certainly a strong preacher, but so lacking in tact. Perhaps he learned the value of policy by losing his head; but I am afraid he would go right on talking on marriage and divorce; and, being a lawyer, I object to any disturbance in the existing state of society."

Following this noble harbinger of the gospel, the twelve apostles were hurried past with double quick step, for not one of them could show a college parchment, or even a purchased D. D.

"There is only one more," said Deacon Harvey solemnly. "He at least is educated, and we had better think well before rejecting him." He turned the crank and watched the effect on eight faces.

"Saul of Tarsus!" burst from the lips of all. "Why, he is half head," said one. "And the other half heart," continued another. Other comments followed. "He does not look very strong. I wish he would show us his thorn in the flesh." "It would be fine for Glenwood to have the brainiest man in the State Convention; and we could pay him, for he would support himself by tent-making." "I move we recommend Saul of Tarsus." "I second the motion."

"Are you ready for the question?" asked the chairman, trembling with hope.

"No," said the Sunday School superintendent. "Paul's sermons are deep and strong; but our young people, when they do go to church expect to be entertained."

Then another: "Paul is an indefatigable worker but he never stayed more than three years in a place, and several times was obliged to resign on account of unpopularity in the city."

Miss Pincher clinched the opposition thus: "If report is true, this gentleman is an old bachelor. If we call a married man, we shall get two workers for one salary."

So the noble apostle was again beheaded.

As the machine ran down a voice within was heard saying: "It is a very small thing that I should be judged of you."

Deacon Harvey called his colleagues to the chair and withdrew. Groping through the dark auditorium he found his own pew, and like Moses, fell on his face before the Lord. But he still heard the murmur from the committee room.

Unabashed, they proceeded thus: "Let us draw up an outline of what we want and advertise." So the clerk wrote as the others dictated: "Wanted, by the First Baptist church of Glenwood, State of —, a pastor answering the following description in all particulars. A graduate from some leading college and theological seminary; eloquent, experienced and skilled in the art of pleasing. Six feet tall, 30 years of age, and commanding

in appearance. Unincumbered with small children, but having a wife who is a model housekeeper, social leader, musician and nurse. For salary, the church agrees to pay \$500, if it can be raised."

"What! Not yet ashamed? Do you know that a faithful pastor is the Lord's best gift to the church?" The voice came from the shadowy outline of a man, emerging from drapery. It was stern and thrilling.

"Have you come as a candidate?" asked the most audacious.

"God forbid!" was the reply. "I served this church in its infancy, giving my heart's richest blood that it might live; but now, there is not enough wealth or influence in this State to tempt me to return. Harken! You have one member, and only one, who has ears to hear the voice of the Spirit. He is even now pleading for this stiff-necked people. Accept the man that is revealed to him, and your candlestick will not be removed. Farewell."

Softly and lovingly the first beams of the rising sun stole through the stained glass, and touched with fire the painted stars over the study sofa. A dove from the belfry alighted in the open window and filled the quiet room with her notes of peace. And Deacon Harvey awoke from his strange dream, to take up with a lighter heart his burden for the Lord.—The Christian Herald.

Varient Views of the Chicago Convention.

(Quoted from Congregationalist.)

We question if there ever has been held in the city of Chicago, or for that matter anywhere else in this country, a religious gathering more pregnant with great issues than that which meets next week at the call of the Council of Seventy to consider methods for the improvement of religious and moral education, through the Sunday School and other agencies, and to effect a national organization for the accomplishment of this end.—The American Weekly.

Those who have worked it up are in the lead and have gotten so strong a following that there is no chance for the rest of us to guide and control it. It is all folly to blind our eyes to what it means and to what it will lead, if Christian churches give it sanction and support.—The Presbyterian.

All leading denominations are represented by some of their most eminent men. We find nineteen Presbyterians of our own church in the list. . . . We think it unfair to disparage and charge with sinister motives a movement on the part of a large body of eminent Christian men who are endeavoring to take some steps that will lead to better religious education of the young. We think these men are honest in their endeavor, and, instead of trying to block their path, it would become us better to pray that the Holy Spirit may guide them into the truth.—Presbyterian Banner.

The program is indeed a curious mosaic of topics and a strange medley of names. There are not very many Presbyterians, though